REMAINS

OF

Mr. *John Oldham*

IN

VERSE and PROSE.

LONDON:

Printed for *Jo. Hindmarsh*; Bookseller to his Royal Highness, at the Black Bull in *Cornhil*, 1684.

Advertisement.

THe Author of these following Poems being dead, the Publisher thought fit to acquaint the World, that the reason why he exposed them now in Print, was not so much for his own Interest (tho a Bookseller that disclaims Interest for a pretence, will no more be believed now adays, than a thorough paced Phanatick, that pretends he makes a journey to New England *purely for conscience sake) but for securing the reputation of Mr.* Oldham; *which might otherwise have suffered from worse hands, and out of a desire he has to print the last Remains of his friend since he had the good fortune to publish his first Pieces.*

Advertisement.

He confesses that it is the greatest piece of injustice to publish the posthumous Works of Authors, especially such, that we may suppose they had brought to the file and sent out with more advantages into the World, had they not been prevented by untimely death; and therefore assures you he had never presumed to print these following Miscellanies, had they not already been countenanced by men of unquestionable repute and esteem.

He is not of the same perswasion with several others of his own profession, that never care how much they lessen the reputation of the Poet, if they can but inhance the value of the Book; that ransack the Studies of the deceased, and print all that passed under the Author's hands, from Fifteen to Forty, and upwards: and (as the incomparable Mr. Cowley *has*

expreſt

expreſt it) think a rude heap of ill placed Stones a better Monument than a neat Tomb of Marble.

For the Deſcription of the Country P—— (the only part in this Book that he judges liable to exception) he makes you no Apology at all; For to men of candor and judgment any thing that comes from Mr. Oldham *will certainly be acceptable; to others that are reſolved to damn at firſt ſight he thinks a defence of this nature ſignifies no more than a Plantiffs perſwaſions to a hungry Judg after twelve. However he is very confident that the reſt of Mr.* Oldham's *pieces will abundantly atone for one unfiniſhed draught, and that no man of ſenſe and reaſon will quarel at one bad half Crown, in a good, round, ſubſtantial lump of Money.*

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To the MEMORY of

Mr. *OLDHAM.*

FArewel, too little and too lately known,
Whom I began to think and call my own;
For ſure our Souls were near ally'd; and thine
Caſt in the ſame Poetick mould with mine.
One common Note on either Lyre did ſtrike,
And Knaves and Fools we both abhorr'd alike:
To the ſame Goal did both our Studies drive,
The laſt ſet out the ſooneſt did arrive.
Thus *Niſus* fell upon the ſlippery place, (Race.
While his young Friend perform'd and won the
O early ripe! to thy abundant ſtore
What could advancing Age have added more?
It might (what Nature never gives the young)
Have taught the numbers of thy native Tongue.
But Satyr needs not thoſe, and Wit will ſhine
Through the harſh cadence of a rugged line.
A noble Error, and but ſeldom made,
When Poets are by too much force betray'd,
Thy generous fruits, though gather'd ere their prime
Still ſhew'd a quickneſs; and maturing time
But mellows what we write to the dull ſweets of Rime.
Once more, hail and farewel; farewel thou young,
But ah too ſhort, *Marcellus* of our Tongue;
Thy Brows with Ivy, and with Laurels bound;
But Fate and gloomy Night encompaſs thee around.

JOHN DRYDEN.

Authori Epitaphium.

HOc, ô Viator, marmore conditæ
Charæ recumbunt Exuviæ brevem
Viventis (oh! sors dura) vitam,
Præcoce cœlum animâ petentis.
Nec præpedita est Mens celeris diù,
Quin Pustularum mille tumoribus
Effloruit, portisque mille
Præpes iter patefecit altum.
Musarum Alumnus jàm fuit, artibus
Instructus almis, quas, studio pio,
Atq; aure quàm fidâ repostas,
Oxonij *coluit Parentis.*
Hìc quadriennis præmia Filii
Dignus recepit, Vellera candida,
Collati Honoris signa, necnon
Innocui simulacra cordis.
Sed manè montis summa cacumina
Ascendit ardens, Pierio jugo
Insedit, atq; errore multo
Ipsum Helicona *scatere vidit.*
Nunc pura veri Flumina perspicit,
Nunc mira Mundi semina concipit,
Pulchrasq; primævi figuras,
In speculo species creante.
At Tu, Viator, Numina poscito,
Ut dissolutis reliquijs, vaga
Dùm mens remigret, detur——ah! sit
Terra levis, placidusq; somnus.

On the Death of Mr. John Oldham,

A Pindarique Paſtoral Ode.

Stanza I.

UNdoubtedly 'tis thy peculiar Fate,
Ah, miſerable *Aſtragon*!
Thou art condemn'd alone
To bear the Burthen of a wretched Life,
Still in this howling Wilderneſs to roam,
While all thy Boſom-friends unkindly go,
And leave thee to lament them here below.
Thy dear *Alexis* would not ſtay,
Joy of thy Life, and Pleaſure of thine Eyes,
Dear *Alexis* went away
With an invincible Surprize;
Th' Angel-like Youth early diſlik'd this State,
And chearfully ſubmitted to his Fate.
Never did Soul of a Celeſtial Birth
Inform a purer piece of Earth.
O that 'twere not in vain
To wiſh what's paſt might be retriev'd again!
Thy Dotage, thy *Alexis*, then
Had anſwer'd all thy Vows and Pray'rs,
And Crown'd with pregnant Joys thy ſilver Hairs,
Lov'd to this day among the living Sons of Men.

II.

And thou, my Friend, haſt left me too,
Menalcas! poor *Menalcas*! even thou,

Of whom ſo loudly Fame has ſpoke
In the Records of her immortal Book,
Whoſe diſregarded Worth Ages to come
Shall wail with Indignation o'er thy Tomb.
Worthy wert thou to live, as long as Vice
Should need a Satyr, that the frantick Age
Might tremble at the Laſh of thy poetick Rage.
Th' untutor'd World in after Times
May live uncenſur'd for their Crimes,
Freed from the Dreads of thy reforming Pen,
Turn to old *Chaos* once again.
Of all th' inſtructive Bards, whoſe more than *Theban* Lyre.
Could ſavage Souls with manly Thoughts inſpire,
Menalcas worthy was to live.
Say, you his Fellow-Shepherds that ſurvive,
Tell me, you mournful Swains,
Has my ador'd *Menalcas* left behind;
In all theſe penſive Plains
A gentler Shepherd with a braver mind:
Which of you all did more Majeſtick Show,
Or wore the Garland on a ſweeter Brow?

III.

——But wayward *Aſtragon* reſolves no more
The Loſs of his *Menalcas* to deplore:
The place to which he wiſely is withdrawn
Is altogether bleſt;
There no Clouds o'erwhelm his Breaſt,
No Midnight Cares can break his Reſt;
For all is everlaſting cheerful Dawn.
The Poet's Bliſs there ſhall he long poſſeſs,
Perfect Eaſe and ſoft Receſs;

The

The treacherous World no more ſhall him deceive,
Of Hope and Fortune he has taken Leave:
And now in mighty Triumph does he reign,
(His Head adorn'd with Beams of Light)
O'er the unthinking Rabble's Spite,
And the dull wealthy Fool's diſdain.
Thrice happy he that dies the Muſes Friend,
He needs no *Obeliſque*, no Pyramid
His ſacred Duſt to hide;
He needs not for his Memory to provide;
For he might well foreſee his Praiſe can never end.

Thomas Flatman.

In memory of the Author.

TAke this ſhort-ſummon'd looſe unfiniſht Verſe
Cold as thy Tomb, and ſuddain as thy Hearſ
From my ſick Thoughts thou canſt no better crave,
Who ſcarce drag Life, and envy thee thy Grave.
Me *Phœbus* always faintly did inſpire,
And gave my narrow Breaſt more ſcanty Fire.
My *Hybla*-Muſe through humble Meads ſought Spoil,
Collecting little Sweets with mighty Toil;
Yet when ſome Friend's juſt Fame did Theme afford,
Her Voice amongſt the tow'ring Swans was heard.
In vain for ſuch Attendance now I call,
My Ink o'erflows with Spleen, my Blood with Gall;

Yet, ſweet *Alexis*, my Eſteem of thee
Was equal to thy Worth and Love for me.
Death is thy Gain—— that Thought affects me moſt,
I care not what th' ill-natur'd World has loſt.
For Wit with thee expir'd, how ſhall I grieve?
Who grudge th' ingrateful Age what thou didſt leave,
The Tribute of their Verſe let others ſend,
And mourn the Poet gone, I mourn the Friend.
Enjoy thy Fate—— thy Predeceſſors come,
Cowley and *Butler* to conduct thee home.
Who would not (*Butler* cries) like me engage
New Worlds of Wit to ſerve a grateful Age?
For ſuch Rewards what Tasks will Authors ſhun?
I pray, Sir, is my *Monument* begun?
Enjoy thy Fate, thy Voice in Anthems raiſe;
So well tun'd here on Earth to our *Apollo*'s Praiſe:
Let me retire, while ſome ſublimer Pen
Performs for thee what thou haſt done for *Homer* and for *Ben*.

N. T.

On the enſuing Poems *of Mr.* John Oldham, *and the Death of his good Friend the ingenious Author.*

OBſcure and cloudy did the day appear,
As Heaven deſign'd to blot it from the year;
The Elements all ſeem'd to diſagree,
At leaſt, I'm ſure, they were at ſtrife in me:

Poſſeſt

Poſſeſt with Spleen, which Melancholy bred,
When Rumor told me that my Friend was dead,
That *Oldham* honour'd for his early Worth,
Was cropt, like a ſweet Bloſſom from the Earth,
Where late he grew, delighting every Eye
In his rare Garden of Philoſophy.
The fatal Sound new Sorrows did infuſe,
And all my Griefs were doubled at the News:
For we with mutual Arms of Friendſhip ſtrove,
Friendſhip the true and ſolid part of Love;
And he ſo many Graces had in ſtore,
That Fame or Beauty could not bind me more.
His Wit in his immortal Verſe appears,
Many his Vertues were, tho' few his Years;
Which were ſo ſpent as if by Heaven contriv'd,
To laſh the Vices of the longer liv'd.
None was more skilful, none more learn'd than he,
A Poet in its ſacred Quality:
Inſpir'd above, and could command each Paſſion,
Had all the Wit without the Affectation.
A Calm of Nature ſtill poſſeſt his Soul,
No canker'd Envy did his Breaſt controul:
Modeſt as Virgins that have never known
The jilting Breeding of the nauſeous Town;
And eaſie as his Numbers that ſublime
His lofty Strains, and beautifie his Rhime,
Till the Time's Ignomy inſpir'd his Pen,
And rowz'd the drowſie Satyr from his Den;
Then fluttering Fops were his Averſion ſtill,
And felt the Power of his Satyrick Quill.
The Spark whoſe Noiſe proclaims his empty Pate,
That ſtruts along the *Mall* with antick Gate;

And all the *Phyllis* and the *Chloris* Fools
Were damn'd by his invective Muſe in Shoals.
Who on the Age look'd with impartial Eyes,
And aim'd not at the Perſon, but the Vice.
To all true Wit he was a conſtant Friend,
And as he well could judge, could well commend.
The mighty *Homer* he with Care perus'd,
And that great *Genius* to the World infus'd;
Immortal *Virgil*, and *Lucretius* too,
And all the Seeds o'th' Soul his Reaſon knew:
Like *Ovid*, could the Ladies Hearts aſſail,
With *Horace* ſing, and laſh with *Juvenal*.
Unskill'd in nought that did with Learning dwell,
But Pride to know he underſtood it well.
Adieu thou modeſt Type of perfect Man;
Ah, had not thy Perfections that began
In Life's bright Morning been eclips'd ſo ſoon,
We all had bask'd and wanton'd in thy Noon;
But Fate grew envious of thy growing Fame,
And knowing Heav'n from whence thy *Genius* came,
Aſſign'd thee by immutable Decree
A glorious Crown of Immortality,
Snatch't thee from all thy mourning Friends below,
Juſt as the Bays were planting on thy Brow.
Thus worldly Merit has the Worlds Regard;
But Poets in the next have their Reward;
And Heaven in *Oldham*'s Fortune ſeem'd to ſhow,
No Recompence was good enough below:
So to prevent the Worlds ingrateful Crimes,
Enrich'd his Mind, and bid him die betimes.

T. Durfey.

On the Death of Mr. John Oldham.

HEark! is it only my prophetick Fear,
Or ſome Death's ſad Alarum that I hear?
By all my Doubts 'tis *Oldham*'s fatal Knell;
It rings aloud, eternally farewel:
Farewell thou mighty *Genius* of our Iſle,
Whoſe forward Parts made all our Nation ſmile,
In whom both Wit and Knowledge did conſpire,
And Nature gaz'd as if ſhe did admire
How ſuch few years ſuch Learning could acquire:
Nay ſeem'd concern'd that we ſhould hardly find
So ſharp a Pen, and ſo ſerene a Mind.
Oh then lament; let each diſtracted Breaſt
With univerſal Sorrow be poſſeſt.
Mourn, mourn, ye Muſes, and your Songs give o'er;
For now your lov'd *Adonis* is no more.
He whom ye tutor'd from his Infant-years,
Cold, pale and ghaſtly as the Grave appears:
He whom ye bath'd in your lov'd murmuring Stream,
Your daily pleaſure, and your mighty Theme
Is now no more; the Youth, the Youth is dead,
The mighty Soul of Poetry is fled;
Fled e'er his Worth or Merit was half known;
No ſooner ſeen, but in a Moment gone:
Like to ſome tender Plant, which rear'd with Care,
At length becomes moſt fragrant, and moſt fair;

Long does it thrive, and long its Pride maintain,
Esteem'd secure from Thunder, Storm or Rain;
Then comes a Blast, and all the Work is vain.
But Oh! my Friend, must we no more rehearse
Thy equal Numbers in thy pleasing Verse?
In Love how soft, in Satyr how severe?
In Passion moving, and in Rage austere!
Virgil in Judgment, *Ovid* in Delight,
An easie Thought with a *Meonian* Flight;
Horace in Sweetness, *Juvenal* in Rage,
And even *Biblis* must each Heart engage!
Just in his Praises, and what most desire,
Wou'd flatter none for Greatness, Love or Hire;
Humble, though courted, and what's rare to see,
Of wondrous Worth, yet wondrous Modesty.
So far from Ostentation he did seem,
That he was meanest in his own Esteem.
Alas, young man, why wert thou made to be
At once our Glory and our Misery?
Our Misery in losing thee is more
Than could thy Life our Glory be before;
For shou'd a Soul celestial Joys possess,
And straight be banish'd from that Happiness,
Oh, where would be its Pleasure? where its Gain?
The Bliss once tasted but augments the Pain:
So having once so great a Prize in thee,
How much the heavier must our Sorrows be?
For if such Flights were in thy younger Days,
What if thou'dst liv'd, O what had been thy Praise?
Eternal Wreaths of never-dying Bays:
But those are due already to thy Name,
Which stands enroll'd in the Records of Fame;

And

And though thy great Remains to Aſhes turn,
With laſting Praiſes we'll ſupply thy Urn,
Which like Sepulchral Lamps ſhall ever burn.
But hold! methinks, great Shade, I ſee thee rove
Through the ſmooth Path of Plenty, Peace and Love;
Where *Ben.* ſalutes thee firſt, o'erjoy'd to ſee
The Youth that ſung his Fame and Memory:
Great *Spencer* next, with all the learned Train,
Do greet thee in a Panegyrick Strain:
Adonis is the Joy of all the Plain.

Tho. Andrews.

DAMON, an ECLOGUE

On the untimely Death of Mr. Oldham.

Corydon. Alexis.

BEneath a diſmal Yew the Shepherds ſate,
And talk'd of *Damon*'s Muſe and *Damon*'s Fate:
Their mutual Lamentations gave them Eaſe;
For ſometimes Melancholy it ſelf does pleaſe:
Like *Philomel* abandon'd to diſtreſs,
Yet ev'n their Griefs in Muſick they expreſs.
Cor. I'll ſing no more ſince Verſes want a Charm,
The Muſes could not their own *Damon* arm:

At

At leaſt I'll touch this uſeleſs Pipe no more,
Unleſs, like *Orpheus*, I could Shades reſtore.
A. Rather, like *Orpheus*, celebrate your Friend,
And with your Muſick Hell it ſelf ſuſpend:
Tax *Proſerpine* of Cruelty and Hate,
And ſing of *Damon's* Muſe, and *Damon's* Fate.
C. When *Damon* ſung, he ſung with ſuch a Grace,
Lord, how the very *London*-brutes did gaze!
Sharp was his Satyr, nor allay'd with Gall;
'Twas Rage, 'twas generous Indignation all.
A. Oh had he liv'd. and to Perfection grown,
Not like *Marcellus*, only to be ſhown;
He would have charm'd their Sence a nobler way,
Taught Virgins how to ſigh, and Prieſts to pray.
C. Let Prieſts and Virgins then to him addreſs,
And in their Songs their Gratitude expreſs,
While we that know the Worth of eaſie Verſe,
Secure the Laurel to adorn his Herſe.
A. Codrus, you know, that ſacred Badge does wear,
And 'twere injurious not to leave it there;
But ſince no Merit can ſtrike Envy dumb,
Do you with *Baccar*, guard and grace his Tomb.
C. While you (dear Swain) with unaffected Rhime,
Majeſtick, ſad, and ſuited to the Time,
His Name to future Ages conſecrate,
By praiſing of his Muſe, and mourning of his Fate.
A. Alas, I never muſt pretend to this,
My Pipe ſcarce knows a Tune but what is his:
Let future Ages then for *Damon's* ſake,
From his own Works a juſt *Idæa* take.

Yet

Yet then, but like *Alcides* he'll be ſhown,
And from his meaneſt part his Size be known.
C. 'Twill be your Duty then to ſet it down.
A. Once and but once (ſo Heav'n and Fate ordain)
I met the gentle Youth upon the Plain,
Kindly, cries he, if you *Alexis* be,
And though I know you not you muſt be he,
Too long already we have Strangers been;
This Day, at leaſt, our Friendſhip muſt begin.
Let Buſineſs, that perverſe Intruder, wait,
To be above it is poetical and great.
Then with *Aſſyrian* Nard our Heads did ſhine,
While rich *Sabæan* Spice exalts the Wine;
Which to a juſt Degree our Spirits fir'd;
But he was by a greater God inſpir'd:
Wit was the Theme, which he did well deſcribe,
With Modeſty unuſual to his Tribe.
But as with ominous Doubts, and aking Heart,
When Lovers after firſt Enjoyment part,
Not half content; for this was but a Taſte,
And wond'ring how the Minutes flew ſo faſt,
They vow a Friendſhip that ſhall ever laſt.
So we—— but Oh how much am I accurs'd!
To think that this laſt Office is my firſt.

Occaſioned

Occasioned by the present Edition of the ensuing Poems, *and the Death of the ingenious* Author.

CUrs'd be the day when first this goodly Isle
Vile Books, and useless thinking did defile.
In *Greek* and *Latin*-Boggs our Time we waste,
When all is Pain and Wearinesse at best:
Mountains of Whims and Doubts we travel o'er,
While treacherous Fancy dances on before:
Pleas'd with our Danger still we stumble on,
To late repent, and are too soon undone.
Let *Bodley* now in its own Ruines lie,
By th' common Hangman burnt for Heresie.
Avoid the nasty *learned* Dust, 'twill breed
More Plagues than ever Jakes or Dunghils did.
The want of Dulness will the World undo,
'Tis Learning makes us mad and Rebels too.
Learning, a Jilt which while we do enjoy,
Slily our Rest and Quiet steals away;
That greedily the Blood of Youth receives,
And nought but Blindness and a Dotage gives.
Worse than the Pox, or scolding Woman fly
The awkward Madness of Philosophy.
That *Bedlam Bess*, *Religion* never more
Phantastick, pie-ball'd, antick Dresses wore:
Opinion, Pride, Morosenesse gives a Fame;
'Tis Folly, christen'd with a modish Name.

Let

Let dull Divinity no more delight;
It ſpoils the Man, and makes an *Hypocrite.*
The chief Profeſſors to Preferment fly,
By Cringe and Scrape, the baſeſt *Simony.*
The humble Clown will beſt the Goſpel teach,
And *inſpir'd* Ign'rance ſounder Doctrines preach.
A way to Heav'n mere *Nature* well does ſhew,
Which reaſoning and Diſputes can never know.
Yet ſtill proud Tyrant *Sence* in Pomp appears,
And claims a Tribute of full threeſcore Years.
Sew'd in a Sack, with Darkneſs circl'd round,
Each man muſt be with *Snakes* and *Monkeys* drown'd.
Laborious Folly, and compendious Art,
To waſte that Life whoſe longeſt Date's too ſhort.
Laborious Folly, to wind up with Pain
What Death unravels ſoon, and renders vain.
We blindly hurry on in myſtick ways,
Nor wiſely tread the Paths of ſolid Praiſe.
There's nought deſerves one precious drop of ſweat,
But Poetry, the nobleſt Gift of Fate,
Which after Death does a more laſting Life beget.
Not that which ſuddain, frantick Heats produce,
Where Wine and Pride, not Heav'n ſhall raiſe the Muſe.
Not that ſmall Stock which does Tranſlators make;
That Trade poor Bankrupt-Poetaſters take:
But ſuch, when God his *Fiat* did expreſs,
And powerful Numbers wrought an Univerſe.
With ſuch great *David* tun'd his charming Lyre,
That even *Saul* and *Madneſs* could admire.
With ſuch Great *Oldham* bravely did excell,
That *David*'s Lamentation ſung ſo well.

Oldham!

Oldham! the Man that could with Judgment write,
Our *Oxford*'s Glory, and the World's Delight.
Sometimes in boundless keenest Satyr bold,
Sometimes a soft as those Love-tales he told.
That Vice could praise, and Vertue too disgrace;
The first *Excess* of Wit that e'er did please.
Scarce *Cowley* such Pindarique soaring knew,
Yet by his Reader still was kept in view.
His Fancy, like *Jove's* Eagle liv'd above,
And bearing Thunder still would upward move.
Oh Noble *Kingston*! had thy lovely Guest
With a large stock of Youth and Life been Blest;
Not all thy Greatness, and thy Vertues store
Had surer Comforts been, or pleased thee more.
But Oh! the date is short of mighty Worth,
And Angels never tarry long on Earth.
His soul, the bright, the pure Etherial Flame
To those lov'd Regions flew, from whence it came.
And spight of what Mankind had long believ'd,
My Creed says only Poets can be sav'd.
That God has only for a number staid,
To stop the breach, which Rebel Angels made.
For none their absence can so well supply;
They are all o're Seraphick Harmony.
Then, and not that till then the World shall burn,
And its base Dross, Mankind their fortune mourn,
While all to their old nothing quick return.
The peevish Critick then shall be asham'd,
And for his *Sins* of Vanity be damn'd.

Oxon, May the 26*th*. 1684. *T. Wood.*

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S

COUNTERPART
TO THE
SATYR against *VERTUE.*

In Person of the Author.

I.

PArdon me, Vertue, whatsoe'er thou art,
(For sure thou of the God-head art a part,
And all that is of him must be
The very Deity.)
Pardon, if I in ought did thee blaspheme,
Or injure thy pure Sacred Name:
Accept unfeign'd Repentance, Prayers and Vows,
The best Atonement of my penitent humble Muse,
The best that Heav'n requires, or Mankind can pro-
(duce.

All my Attempts hereafter ſhall at thy Devotion be,
Ready to conſecrate my Ink and very Blood to thee.
Forgive me, ye bleſt Souls that dwell above,
Where you by its reward the worth of Vertue prove.
Forgive (if you can do't) who know no Paſſion now (but Love.
And you unhappy happy few,
Who ſtrive with Life, and Humane Miſeries below,
Forgive me too,
If I in ought diſparag'd them, or elſe diſcourag'd you.

II.

Bleſt Vertue! whoſe Almighty Power
Does to our fallen Race reſtore
All that in Paradiſe we loſt, and more,
Lifts us to Heaven, and makes us be
The Heirs and Image of the Deity.
Soft gentle Yoak! which none but reſty Fools refuſe,
Which before Freedom I would ever chuſe.
Eaſie are all the Bonds that are impos'd by thee;
Eaſie as thoſe of Lovers are,

(If

(If I with ought less pure may thee compare)
Nor do they force, but only guide our Liberty:
By such soft Ties are Spirits above confin'd;
So gentle is the Chain which them to Good does (bind.
Sure Card, whereby this frail and tott'ring Bark we (steer
Thro' Life's tempestuous Ocean here;
Thro' all the tossing Waves of Fear,
And dangerous Rocks of black Despair.
Safe in thy Conduct unconcern'd we move,
Secure from all the threatning Storms that blow,
From all Attacks of Chance below,
And reach the certain Haven of Felicity above.

III.

Best Mistress of our Souls! whose Charms and Beau- (ties last,
And are by very Age encreast,
By which all other Glories are defac'd.
Thou'rt thy own Dowry, and a greater far

Than All the Race of Woman-kind e'er brought,
Tho' each of them like the first Wife were fraught,
And half the Universe did for her Portion share.
That tawdry Sex, which giddy senseless we
Thro' Ignorance so vainly Deifie,
Are all but glorious Brutes when un-endow'd with (thee.
'Tis Vice alone, the truer Jilt, and worse,
In whose Enjoyment tho' we find
A flitting Pleasure, yet it leaves behind
A Pain and Torture in the Mind,
And claps the wounded Conscience with incurable Remorse,
Or else betrays us to the great Trepans of Humane Kind.

IV.

'Tis Vice, the greater Thraldom, harder Drudgery,
Whereby deposing Reason from its gentle Sway,
(That rightful Sovereign which we should obey)
We undergo a various Tyranny,

And

And to un-number'd ſervile Paſſions Homage pay.
  Theſe with *Ægyptian* Rigor us enſlave,
  And govern with unlimited Command;
    They make us endleſs Toil purſue,
    And ſtill their doubled Tasks renew,
To puſh on our too haſty Fate, and build our Grave,
Or which is worſe, to keep us from the Promis'd Land.
    Nor may we think our Freedom to retrieve,
    We ſtruggle with our heavy Yoak in vain:
      In vain we ſtrive to break that Chain,
      Unleſs a Miracle relieve;
    Unleſs th' Almighty Wand enlargement give,
    We never muſt expect Delivery,
Till Death, the univerſal Writ of Eaſe, does ſet us free.

V.

Some ſordid Avarice in Vaſſallage confines,
    Like *Roman* Slaves condemn'd to th' Mines;
Theſe are in its harſh *Bridewel* laſh'd and puniſhed,
  And with hard Labour ſcarce can earn their Bréad.
  Others Ambition, that Imperious Dame,

Expoſes cruelly, like Gladiators, here
Upon the World's Great Theatre.
Thro' Dangers and thro' Blood they wade to Fame,
To purchaſe grinning Honor and an empty Name.
And ſome by Tyrant-Luſt are Captive led,
And with falſe Hopes of Pleaſure fed;
'Till tir'd with Slavery to their own Deſires,
Life's o'er-charg'd Lamp goes out, and in a Snuff ex-
(pires.

V I.

Conſider we the little Arts of Vice,
The Stratagems and Artifice
Whereby ſhe does attract her Votaries:
All thoſe Allurements and thoſe Charms
Which pimp Tranſgreſſors to her Arms,
Are but foul Paint, and counterfeit Diſguiſe,
To palliate her own conceal'd Deformities,
And for falſe empty Joys betray us to true ſolid Harms.
In vain ſhe would her Dowry boaſt,
Which clog'd with Legacies we never gain,

But

But with unvaluable Coſt;
Which got we never can retain;
But muſt the greateſt part be loſt,
To the great Bubbles, Age or Chance, again.
'Tis vaſtly over-balanc'd by the Joynture which we make,
In which our Lives, our Souls, our All is ſet at Stake.
Like ſilly *Indians*, fooliſh we
With a known Cheat, a loſing Traffick hold,
Whilſt led by an ill-judging Eye,
W' admire a trifling Pageantry,
And merchandize our Jewels and our Gold,
For worthleſs Glaſs and Beads, or an *Exchange*'s Frippery.
If we a while maintain th' expenſive Trade,
Such mighty Impoſt on the Cargo's laid,
Such a vaſt Cuſtom to be paid,
We're forc'd at laſt like wretched Bankrupts to give out,
Clapt up by Death, and in Eternal Durance ſhut.

VII.

What art thou, Fame, for which ſo eagerly we ſtrive?
What art thou but an empty Shade
By the Reflection of our Actions made?
Thou, unlike others, never follow'ſt us alive;
But, like a Ghoſt, walk'ſt only after we are dead.
Poſthumous Toy! vain after-Legacy!
Which only ours can be,
When we our ſelves no more are we!
Fickle as vain! who doſt on vulgar Breath depend,
Which we by dear Experience find
More changeable, more veering than th' unconſtant Wind.
What art thou, Gold, that cheat'ſt the Miſer's Eyes?
Which he does ſo devoutly idolize;
For whom he all his Reſt and Eaſe does ſacrifice.
'Tis Uſe alone can all thy Value give,
And he from that no Benefit can e'er receive.
Curſt Mineral! near Neighb'ring Heli begot,
Which all th' Infection of thy damned Neighbourhood haſt brought.

Thou

Thou Bawd to Murthers, Rapes and Treachery,
And every greater Name of Villany;
From thee they all derive their Stock and Pedigree.
Thou the lewd World with all its crying Crimes doſt ſtore,
And hardly wilt allow the Devil the cauſe of more.
And what is Pleaſure which does moſt beguile?
That Syren which betrays us with a flattering Smile.
We liſten to the treacherous Harmony,
Which ſings but our own Obſequy.
The Danger unperceiv'd till Death draw nigh;
Till drowning we want Pow'r to 'ſcape the fatal Enemy.

VIII.

How frantick is the wanton Epicure!
Who a perpetual Surfeit will endure?
Who places all his chiefeſt Happineſs
In the Extravagancies of Exceſs,
Which wiſe Sobriety eſteems but a Diſeaſe?
O mighty envied Happineſs to eat!

Which

Which fond mistaken Sots call Great!
Poor Frailty of our Flesh! which we each day
Must thus repair for fear of ruinous Decay!
Degrading of our Nature, where vile Brutes are (fain
To make and keep up Man!
Which, when the Paradise above we gain,
Heav'n thinks too great an Imperfection to retain!
By each Disease the sickly Joy's destroy'd;
At every Meal it's nauseous and cloy'd,
Empty at best, as when in Dream enjoy'd;
When, cheated by a slumbering Imposture, we
Fancy a Feast, and great *Regalio's* by;
And think we taste, and think we see,
And riot on imaginary Luxury.

IX.

Grant me, O Vertue, thy more solid lasting Joy;
Grant me the better Pleasures of the Mind,
Pleasures, which only in pursuit of thee we find,
Which Fortune cannot marr, nor Chance destroy.

One

One Moment in thy bleſt Enjoyment is
Worth an Eternity of that tumultuous Bliſs,
Which we derive from Senſe,
Which often cloys, and muſt reſign to Impotence.
Grant me but this, how will I triumph in my happy (State?
Above the Changes and Reverſe of Fate;
Above her Favors and her Hate.
I'll ſcorn the worthleſs Treaſures of *Peru*,
And thoſe of t' other *Indies* too.
I'll pity *Cæſar*'s Self with all his Trophies and his Fame,
And the vile brutiſh Herd of Epicures contemn,
And all the Under-ſhrievalties of Life not worth a Name.
Nor will I only owe my Bliſs,
Like others, to a Multitude,
Where Company keeps up a forced Happineſs;
Should all Mankind ſurceaſe to live,
And none but individual I ſurvive,
Alone I would be happy, and enjoy my Solitude.

Thus

Thus ſhall my Life in pleaſant Minutes wear,
Calm as the Minutes of the Evening are,
And gentle as the motions of the upper Air;
Soft as my Muſe, and unconfin'd as ſhe,
When flowing in the Numbers of *Pindarique* Liberty.
And when I ſee pale gaſtly Death appear,
That grand inevitable Teſt which all muſt bear,
Which beſt diſtinguiſhes the bleſt and wretched here;
I'll ſmile at all it Horrors, court my welcome Deſtiny,
And yield my willing Soul up in an eaſie Sigh;
And Epicures that ſee ſhall envy and confeſs,
That I, and thoſe who dare like me be good, the chieſeſt Good poſſeſs.

Virg.

Virg. ECLOGUE VIII.

The Enchantment.

Poet, *Damon*, *Alpheus*, Speakers.

D*Amon* and *Alpheus*, the two Shepherds Strains
I mean to tell, and how they charm'd the Plains.
I'll tell their charming Numbers which the Herd,
Unmindful of their Graſs, in Throngs admir'd.
At which fierce Savages aſtoniſh'd ſtood,
And every River ſtopt its liſt'ning Flood.

For you, Great *Sir*, whether with Cannons Roar
You ſpread your Terror to the *Holland* Shore,
Or with a gentle and a ſteady Hand
In Peace and Plenty rule your Native Land.
Shall ever that auſpicious Day appear,
When I your glorious Actions ſhall declare?

It ſhall, and I throughout the World rehearſe
Their Fame, fit only for a *Spencer's* Verſe.
With you my Muſe began, with you ſhall end:
Accept my Verſe that waits on your Command;
And deign this Ivy Wreath a place may find
Amongſt the Laurels which your Temples bind.

'Twas at the time that Night's cool ſhades withdrew,
And left the Graſs all hung with Pearly Dew;
When *Damon*, leaning on his Oaken Wand,
Thus to his Pipe in gentle Lays complain'd.

D. Ariſe, thou Morning, and drive on the Day,
While wretched I with fruitleſs words inveigh
Againſt falſe *Niſa*, while the Gods I call
With my laſt Breath, tho' hopeleſs to avail,
Tho' they regard not my Complaints at all.

Strike up my Pipe, play me in tuneful Strains
What I heard ſung on the Mænalian *Plains.*
Mænalus ever has its warbling Groves,
And talking Pines, it ever hears the Loves

Of Shepherds, and the Notes of Mighty *Pan*,
The first that would not let the Reeds untun'd remain.
Strike up my Pipe, play me in tuneful Strains
What I heard sung on the Mænalian *Plains.*
Mopsus weds *Nisa*, Gods! what Lover e'er
Need after this have reason to despair?
Griffins shall now leap Mares, and the next Age
The Deer and Hounds in Friendship shall engage.
Go, *Mopsus*, get the Torches ready soon;
Thou, happy Man, must have the Bride anon.
Go, Bridegroom, quickly, the Nut-scramble make,
The Evening-star quits *Oeta* for thy sake.
Strike up my Pipe, play me in tuneful Strains
What I heard sung on the Mænalian *Plains.*
How fitly art thou match'd who wast so nice!
Thou haughty Nymph who did'st all else despise!
Who slight'st so scornfully my Pipe, my Herd,
My rough-grown Eye-brows, and unshaven Beard,
And think'st no God does mortal things regard.
Strike up my Pipe, play me in tuneful Strains
What I heard sung on the Mænalian *Plains.*

I ſaw thee young, and in thy Beauty's Bloom,
To gather Apples with thy Mother, come,
'Twas in our Hedge-rows, I was there with Pride,
To ſhew you to the beſt, and be your Guide.
Then I juſt entring my twelfth Year was found,
I then could reach the tender Boughs from Ground.
Heav'ns! when I ſaw, how ſoon was I undone!
How to my Heart did the quick Poyſon run!

Strike up my Pipe, play me in tuneful Strains
What I heard ſung on the Mænalian *Plains.*

Now I'm convinc'd what Love is; the cold *North*
Sure in its craggy Mountains brought him forth,
Or *Africk*'s wildeſt Deſarts gave him Birth,
Amongſt the Cannibals and Savage Race;
He never of our Kind, or Countrey was.

Strike up my Pipe, play me in tuneful Strains
What I heard ſung on the Mænalian *Plains.*

Dire Love did once a Mother's Hand embrue
In Childrens Blood; a cruel Mother, thou;
Hard 'tis to ſay of both which is the worſt,
The cruel Mother, or the Boy accurſt.

He a curst Boy, a cruel Mother thou;
The Devil a whit to chuse betwixt the two.

Strike up my Pipe, play me in tuneful Strains
What I heard sung on the Mænalian *Plains.*

Let Wolves by Nature shun the Sheep-folds now:
On the rough Oaks let Oranges now grow:
Let the coarse *Alders* bear the *Daffadill*,
And costly Amber from the Thorn distill:
Let Owls match Swans, let *Tyrrus Orpheus* be,
In the Woods *Orpheus*, and *Arion* on the Sea.

Strike up my Pipe, play me in tuneful Strains
What I heard sung on the Mænalian *Plains.*

Let all the World turn Sea, ye Woods adieu!
To some high Mountain's top I'll get me now,
And thence my self into the Waters throw.
There quench my Flames, and let the cruel Shie
Accept this my last dying Will and Legacy.

Cease now my Pipe, cease now those warbling Strains
Which I heard sung on the Mænalian *Plains.*

This *Damon's* Song; relate ye Muſes now
Alpheus Reply: All cannot all things do.
A. Bring Holy Water, ſprinkle all around,
And ſee theſe Altars with ſoft Fillets bound;
Male-Frankincenſe, and juicy Vervain burn,
I'll try if I by Magick Force can turn
My ſtubborn Love: I'll try if I can fire
His frozen Breaſt: Nothing but Charms are wanting here.
Bring Daphnis *from the Town, ye Magick Charms;*
Bring home lov'd Daphnis *to my longing Arms.*
Charms in her wonted Courſe can ſtop the Moon,
And from her well-fix'd Orb can call her down.
By Charms the mighty *Circe* (we are told)
Ulyſſes fam'd Companions chang'd of old.
Snakes by the Vertue of Enchantment forc'd,
Oft in the Meads with their own Poyſon burſt.
Bring Daphnis *from the Town, ye Magick Charms,*
Bring home lov'd Daphnis *to my longing Arms.*
Firſt, theſe three ſeveral Threads I compaſs round
Thy Image, thus in Magick Fetters bound:

Then

Then round these Altars thrice thy Image bear:
Odd Numbers to the Gods delightful are.
Bring Daphnis *from the Town, ye Magick Charms,*
Bring home lov'd Daphnis *to my longing Arms.*

Go tie me in three knots three Ribands now,
And let the Ribands be of diffrent Hue:
Go, *Amaryllis*, tie them strait, and cry,
At the same time, "They're true-love-knots, I tie.
Bring Daphnis *from the Town, ye Magick Charms,*
Bring home lov'd Daphnis *to my longing Arms.*

Look how this Clay grows harder, and look how
With the same Fire this Wax doth softer grow;
So *Daphnis*, let him with my Love do so.
Strow Meal and Salt (for so these Rites require)
And set the crackling Laurel Boughs on fire:
This naughty *Daphnis* sets my Brest on flame,
And I this Laurel burn in *Daphnis*'s Name.
Bring Daphnis *from the Town, ye Magick Charms,*
Bring home lov'd Daphnis *to my longing Atms.*

As a poor Heifer, wearied in the Chase,
Of seeking her lov'd Steer from place to place.
Through Woods, through Groves, through Arable, (and Wast,
On some green River's bank lies down at last.
There Lows her Moan, despairing, and forlorn,
And, tho' belated, minds not to return:
Let *Daphnis*'s Case be such, and let not me
Take any care to give a Remedy.
Bring Daphnis *from the Town, ye magick Charms,*
Bring home lov'd Daphnis *to my longing Arms.*

These Garments erst the faithless Traitour left,
Dear Pledges of his Love, of which I'me reft:
Beneath the Threshold these I bury now,
In thee, O Earth; these Pledges *Daphnis* owe.
Bring Daphnis *from the Town, ye Magick Charms,*
Bring home lov'd Daphnis *to my longing Arms.*

Of *Mæris* I these Herbs and Poysons had,
From *Pontus* brought: in *Pontus* store are bred:

With

With these I've oft seen *Mæris* Wonders do,
Turn himself Wolf, and to the Forest go:
I've often seen him Fields of Corn displace,
From whence they grew, and Ghosts in Church-yards (raise.

Bring Daphnis *from the Town, ye Magick Charms,*
Bring home lov'd Daphnis *to my longing Arms.*

Go, Maid, go, bear the Ashes out at door, (pour,
And then forthwith into the neighb'ring current
Over thy Head, and don't look back be sure:

I'll try, what these on *Daphnis* will prevail,
The Gods he minds not, nor my Charms at all.

Bring Daphnis *from the Town, ye Magick Charms,*
Bring home lov'd Daphnis *to my longing Arms.*

Behold! the Ashes while we lingring stay,
While we neglect to carry them away,
Have reach'd the Altar, and have fir'd the Wood,
That lyes upon't: Heav'n send it be for good!
Something I know not what's the matter: Hark!
I hear our *Lightfoot* in the Entry bark.

Shall I believe, or is it only Dream,
Which Lovers fancies are too apt to frame?
Ceaſe now ye Magick Charms, behold him come!
Ceaſe needleſs Charms, my Daphnis *is at home!*

To Madam L. E. *upon her Recovery from a late Sickneſs.*

Madam,

PArdon, that with ſlow Gladneſs we ſo late
Your wiſh'd return of Health congratulate:
Our Joys at firſt ſo throng'd to get abroad,
They hinder'd one another in the crowd;
And now ſuch haſte to tell their Meſſage make,
They only ſtammer what they meant to ſpeak.
You the fair Subject which I am to ſing,
To whoſe kind Hands this humble joy I bring:
Aid me, I beg, while I this Theme purſue,
For I invoke no other Muſe but you.

Long

Long time had you here brightly ſhone below
With all the Rays kind Heaven could beſtow.
No envious Cloud e're offer'd to invade
Your Luſtre, or compel it to a Shade:
Nor did it yet by any Sign appear,
But that you thoroughout Immortal were.
Till Heaven (if Heaven could prove ſo cruel) ſent
To interrupt the Growth of your content.
As if it grudg'd thoſe Gifts you did enjoy,
And would that Bounty which it gave, deſtroy:
'Twas ſince your Excellence did envy move
In thoſe high Powers and made them jealous prove.
They thought theſe Glories ſhould they ſtill have ſhin'd
Unſullied, were too much for Woman-kind.
Which might they write as laſting, as they're Fair,
Too great for ought, but Deities appear:
But Heaven (it may be) was not yet compleat,
And lackt you there to fill your empty Seat.

And when it could not fairly woo you hence,
Turn'd Ravisher, and offer'd Violence.
Sickness did first a formal siege begin,
And by sure slowness tryed your Life to win,
As if by lingring methods Heaven meant
To chase you hence and tire you to consent.
But, this in vain, Fate did to force resort,
And next by Storm shove to attack the fort.
A Sleep, dull as your last, did you Arrest,
And all there *Magazines* of life possest.
No more the Blood its circling course did run,
But in the veins, like Isicles, it hung.
No more the Heart (now void of quickning (heat)
The tuneful March of vital Motion beat.
Stiffness did into all the Sinews climb,
And a short Death crept cold through every Limb.
All Signs of Life from sight so far withdrew,
'Twas now thought Popery to pray for you.

There

There might you (were not that ſenſe loſt) have ſeen
How your true Death would have reſented been:
A Lethargy, like yours, each breaſt did ſeize,
And all by Sympathy catcht your Diſeaſe.
Around you ſilent Imagery appears,
And nought in the Spectators moves, but Tears.
They pay what grief were to your Funeral due,
And yet dare hope Heaven would your Life renew.
Mean while, all means, all drugs preſcribed are,
Which the decays of Health, or Strength repair,
Medicines ſo powerful they new Souls would ſave,
And Life in long-dead Carcaſſes retrieve:
But theſe in vain, they rougher Methods try,
And now your'e Martyr'd that you may not die;
Sad Scene of Fate! when Tortures were your gain:
And twas a kindneſs thought to wiſh you pain!
As if the ſlackned ſtring of Life run down,
Could only by the Rack be ſcrewed in tune:
But Heav'n at laſt (grown conſcious that its pow'r
Could ſcarce what was to die with you reſtore.)

And

And loth to ſee ſuch Glories over-come,
Sent a poſt Angel to repeal your doom;
Strait Fate obey'd the Charge which Heaven ſent,
And gave this firſt dear Proof, it could Repent:
Triumphant Charms! what may not you ſubdue,
When Fate's your Slave, and thus ſubmits to you!
It now again the new-broke Thread does knit,
And for another Clew her ſpindle fit:
And life's hid ſpark which did unquencht remain,
Caught the fled light and brought it back again:
Thus you reviv'd, and all our Joy with you,
Reviv'd and found their Reſurrection too:
Some only griev'd, that what was Deathleſs thought
They ſaw ſo near to Fatal ruin brought:
Now crowds of Bleſſings on that happy hand,
Whoſe skill could eager Deſtiny withſtand;
Whoſe learned Pow'r has reſcu'd from the Grave,
That Life which 'twas a Miracle to ſave;
That Life which were it thus untimely loſt,
Had been the faireſt Spoil Death ere could boaſt:

Ma

May he henceforth be God of healing thought,
By whom ſuch good to you and us was brought:
Altars and ſhrines to him are juſtly due,
Who ſhew'd himſelf a God by raiſing you:
But ſay, fair Saint, for you alone can know,
Whither your Soul in this ſhort flight did go;
Went it to antedate that Happineſs,
You muſt at laſt (though late we hope) poſſeſs?
Inform us leſt we ſhould your Fate belye,
And call that Death which was but Extaſie,
The Queen of Love (we're told) once let us ſee:
That Goddeſſes from wounds could not be free;
And you by this unwiſh'd Occaſion ſhow
That they like Mortal us can Sickneſs know:
Pitty! that Heav'n ſhould all its Titles give,
And yet not let you with them ever live.
You'd lack no point that makes a Deity,
If you could like it too Immortal be.
And ſo you are; half boaſts a Deathleſs State;
Although your frailer part muſt yield to Fate.

By

By every breach in that fair lodging made,
Its bleſt Inhabitant is more diſplaid:
In that white Snow which overſpreads your skin,
We trace ye whiter Soul which dwells within;
Which while you through this ſhining Hue diſplay
Looks like a Star plac'd in the Milky way:
Such the bright Bodies of the Bleſſed are,
When they for Raiment cloath'd with Light appear,
And ſhould you viſit now the Seats of Bliſs,
You need not wear another form but this.
Never did Sickneſs in ſuch pomp appear,
As when it thus your Livery did wear,
Diſeaſe it ſelf look'd amiable here.
So Clouds which would obſcure the Sun oft gilded be,
And Shades are taught to ſhine as bright as he.

Grieve not fair *Nymph*, when in your Glaſs you (trace
The marring footſteps of a pale Diſeaſe.
Regret not that your cheeks their Roſes want,
Which a few Days ſhall in full ſtore replant,

Which

Which, whilst your Blood withdraws its guilty Red,
Tells that you own no faults that blushes need:
The Sun whose Bounty does each Spring restore
What Winter from the rifled Meadows tore,
Which every Morning with an early ray
Paints the young Blushing Cheeks of instant Day:
Whose skill (inimitable here below,)
Limns those gay Clouds which form Heaven's co-
(lour'd bow,
That Sun shall soon with Interest repay,
All the lost Beauty Sickness snatch'd a way.
Your Beams like his shall hourly now advance,
And every minute their swift Growth enhance.
Mean while (that you no helps of healths refuse)
Accept these humble Wishes of the Muse:

Which shall not of their Just Petition fail,
If she (and she's a Goddess) ought prevail.
May no profane Disease henceforth approach,
This sacred Temple with unhallow'd touch,
Or with rude sacrilege its frame debauch.

May

May these fair Members always happy be
In as full Strength and well-set Harmony,
As the new Foundress of your sex could boast,
Ere she by Sin her first Persecution lost:
May Destiny, just to your Merits, twine,
All your smooth Fortunes in a Silken Line.
And that you may at Heaven late arrive,
May it to you its largest Bottom give.
May Heaven with still repeated Favours bless,
Till it its Pow'r below its Will confess;
Till wishes can no more exalt your Fate,
Nor Poets fancy you more Fortunate.

On the Death of Mrs. Katharine Kingscourt *a Child of Excellent Parts and Piety.*

SHE did, She did--- I saw her mount the Skie,
And with new Whiteness paint the Galaxy.
Heav'n her methought with all its Eyes did view,
And yet acknowledg'd all its Eyes too few.
Methought I saw in crowds blest Spirits meet,
And with loud Welcomes her arrival greet;
Which could they grieve, had gone with grief (away
To see a Soul more white, more pure than they.
Earth was unworthy such a prize as this,
Only a while Heaven let us share the Bliss:
In vain her stay with fruitless Tears we'd woo,
In vain we'd court, when that our Rival grew.

Thanks

Thanks, ye kind Powers! who did so long dispense,
(Since you so wish'd her) with her absence thence:
We now resign, to you alone we grant
The sweet Monopoly of such a Saint;
So pure a Saint, I scarce dare call her so,
For fear to wrong her with a Name too low:
Such a Seraphick brightness in her shin'd,
I hardly can believe her Woman-kind.
'Twas sure some noble Being left the Sphere,
Which deign'd a little to inhabit here,
And can't be said to die, but disappear:
Or if she Mortal was and meant to show
The greater skill by being made below;
Sure Heav'n preserv'd her by the fall uncurst,
To tell how all the Sex were form'd at first:
Never did yet so much Divinity
In such a small Compendium crouded lye.
By her we credit what the Learned tell,
That many Angels in one point can dwell.

More

More damned Fiends did not in *Mary* reſt,
Than lodg'd of Bleſſed Spirits in her Breaſt;
Religion dawn'd ſo early in her mind,
You'd think her Saint whilſt in the Womb enſhrin'd:
Nay, that bright ray which did her Temples paint,
Proclaim'd her clearly, while alive, a Saint.
Scarce had ſhe learnt to liſp Religion's Name,
E'er ſhe by her Example preach'd the ſame,
And taught her *Cradle*-like the *Pulpit* to reclaim.
No Action did within her Practice fall
Which for th' Atonement of a Bluſh could call:
No word of hers e'er greeted any Ear,
But what a dying Saint confeſt might hear.
Her Thoughts had ſcarcely ever ſully'd been
By the leaſt Foot-ſteps of Original Sin.
Her Life did ſtill as much Devotion breath
As others do at their laſt Gaſp in Death.
Hence on her Tomb of her let not be ſaid,
So long ſhe liv'd; but thus, ſo long ſhe pray'd.

A *Sunday-Thought* in Sickness.

LOrd, how dreadful is the Prospect of Death at the remotest Distance! How the smallest Apprehension of it can pall the most gay, airy and brisk Spirits! Even I, who thought I could have been merry in sight of my Coffin, and drink a Health with the Sexton *in my own Grave, now tremble at the least Envoy of the King of Terrors. To see but the shaking of my Glass makes me turn pale, and fear is like to prevent and do the Work of my Distemper. All the Jollity of my Humor and Conversation is turn'd on a suddain into shagrin and melancholy, black as Despair, and dark as the Grave. My Soul and Body seem at*

once

once laid out, and I fancy all the Plummets of Eternal Night already hanging upon my Temples. But whence proceed theſe Fears? Certainly they are not idle Dreams, nor the accidental Product of my Diſeaſe, which diſorders the Brains, and fills 'em with odd Chimæra's. *Why ſhould my Soul be averſe to its Enlargement? Why ſhould it be content to be knit up in two Yards of Skin, when it may have all the World for its Purliew? 'Tis not that I'm unwilling to leave my Relations and preſent Friends: I'm parted from the firſt already, and could be ſever'd from both the length of the whole Map, and live with my Body as far diſtant from them as my Soul muſt when I'm dead. Neither is it that I'm loth to leave the Delights and Pleaſures of the World; ſome of them I have tried, and found*

empty, the others covet not, because unknown. I'm confident I could despise 'em all by a Greatness of Soul, *did not the Bible oblige me, and Divines tell me, 'tis my Duty. It is not neither that I'm unwilling to go hence before I've establish'd a Reputation, and something to make me survive my self. I could have been content to be Still-born, and have no more than the* Register, *or* Sexton *to tell that I've ever been in the Land of the Living.* In Fine, *'tis not from a Principle of Cowardise, which the Schools have called* Self-preservation, *the poor Effect of Instinct and dull pretence of a Brute as well as me. This Unwillingness therefore, and Aversion to undergo the general Fate, must have a juster* Original, *and flow from a more important Cause. I'm well satisfied that this other Being within,*

in, that moves and actuates my Frame of Flesh and Blood, has a Life *beyond it and the* Grave; *and something in it prompts me to believe its immortality. A* Residence *it must have somewhere else, when it has left this* Carcase, *and another* State *to pass into, unchangeable and everlasting as it self after its* Separation. *This Condition must be good or bad according to its* Actions *and* Deserts *in this Life; for as it ows its* Being *to some* Infinite Power *that created it, I well suppose it his* Vassal, *and oblig'd to live by his* Law; *and as certainly conclude, that according to the keeping or breaking of that* Law, *'tis to be rewarded or punish'd hereafter. This Diversity of* Rewards *and* Punishments, *makes the two Places,* Heaven *and* Hell, *so often mention'd in* Scripture, *and talk'd of*

in Pulpits: *Of the later my* Fears *too cruelly convince me, and the* Anticipation *of its* Torment, *which I already feel in my own* Conscience. *There is, there is a* Hell, *and damned* Fiends, *and a* never-dying Worm, *and that* Sceptick *that doubts of it, may find 'em all within my single* Breast. *I dare not any longer with the* Atheist *disbelieve them, or think 'em the* Clergy's Bugbears, *invented as* Nurses *do frightful Names for their* Children, *to scare 'em into* Quietness *and* Obedience. *How oft have I triumph'd in my unconcern'd, and fear'd insensibility? How oft boasted of that unhappy suspected* Calm, *which, like that of the* dead Sea, *prov'd only my* Curse, *and a treacherous* Ambush *to those* Storms, *which at present (and will for ever I dread) shipwrack my* Quiet *and* Hopes?

How

How oft have I rejected the Advice *of that* Bosom-friend, *and drown'd its* Alarms *in the Noise of a* tumultuous Debauch, *or by stupifying* Wine *(like some condemn'd Malefactor) arm'd my self against the Apprehensions of my certain* Doom? *Now, now the* Tyrant *awakes, and comes to pay at once all* Arrears *of* Cruelty. *At last, but too late (like drowning* Mariners) *I see the gay* Monsters, *which inveigled me into my* Death *and* Destruction. *Oh the gnawing* Remorse *of a rash unguarded, unconsidering* Sinner! *Oh how the* Ghosts *of former* Crimes *affright my haunted* Imagination, *and make me suffer a thousand* Racks *and* Martyrdoms! *I see, methinks, the* Jaws *of* Destruction *gaping wide to swallow me; and I, (like one sliding on* Ice) *tho' I see the Danger, cannot stop*

from running into it. My Fancy *represents to me a whole Legion of* Devils, *ready to tear me in pieces, numberless as my* Sins *or* Fears; *and whither, Alass! whither shall* I *fly for Refuge? Where shall* I *retreat and take* Sanctuary? *Shall* I *call the* Rocks *and* Mountains *to cover me, or bid the Earth yawn wide to its Center, and take me in? Poor shift of escaping Almighty* Justice! *Distracting* Frenzy! *that would make me believe Contradictions, and hope to fly out of the Reach of him whose* Presence *is every where, not excluded* Hell *it self; for he's there in the Effects of his* Vengeance. *Shall I invoke some Power infinite as that that created me, to reduce me to nothing again, and rid me at once of my* Being *and all that tortures it? Oh no, 'tis in vain, I must be forc'd into* Being, *to keep me*

fresh

fresh for Torment, *and retain Sense only to feel Pain.* I *must be a dying to all Eternity, and live ever, to live ever wretched. Oh that Nature had plac'd me in the Rank of things that have only a bare* Existence, *or at best an Animal* Life, *and never given me a Soul and Reason, which now must contribute to my* Misery, *and make me envy* Brutes *and* Vegetables! *Would the* Womb *that bare me had been my* Prison *till now, or I step'd out of it into my* Grave, *and sav'd the Expences and Toil of a long and tedious* Journey, *where* Life *affords nothing of Accommodations to invite one's Stay. Happy had I been if had expir'd with my first* Breath, *and enter'd the* Bill *of* Mortality *as soon as the* World: *Happy if I had been drown'd in my* Font, *and that* Water *which was to regenerate,*

rate, and give me New Life, *had prov'd mortal in another sence! I had then died without any* Guilt *of my own but what I brought into the World with me, and that too atton'd for; I mean that which I contracted from my first* Parents, *my unhappiness rather than Fault, inasmuch as I was fain to be born of a* sinning Race: *Then I had never enhaunc'd it with acquir'd* Guilt, *never added those innumerable* Crimes *which must make up my* Indictment *at the grand* Audit. *Ungrateful Wretch! I've made my Sins as numerous as those* Blessings *and* Mercies *the* Almighty Bounty *has conferr'd upon me, to oblige and lead me to* Repentance. *How have I abus'd and misimployed those* Parts *and* Talents *which might have render'd me serviceable to* Mankind, *and repaid an inte-*

rest

rest of Glory *to their* Donor? *How ill do they turn to account which I have made the* Patrons *of* Debauchery, *and* Pimps *and* Panders *to* Vice? *How oft have I broke my* Vows *to my* Great Creator, *which I would be conscientious of keeping to a silly* Woman, *a* Creature *beneath my self? What has all my* Religion *been but an empty* Parade *and shew? Either an useful Hypocrisie taken up for* Interest, *or a gay specious* Formality *worn in* Complaisance *to* Custom *and the* Mode, *and as changeable as my* Cloths *and their* Fashion. *How oft have I gone to* Church (*the place where we are to pay him* Homage *and* Duty) *as to an Assignation or Play, only for* Diversion; *or at best, as I must e'er long (for ought I know) with my* Soul *sever'd from my* Body? *How I tremble at the Remembrance!*

as

as if I could put the ſham *upon* Heaven, *or a* God *were to be impos'd on like my* Fellow-Creature: *And dare I, convicted of theſe* High Treaſons *againſt the* King *of* Glory, *dare I expect a* Reprieve *or* Pardon? *Has he* Thunder, *and are not all his* Bolts *levell'd at my* Head, *to ſtrike me through the very* Center? *Yes, I dare appeal to thee, boundleſs* pity *and* compaſſion! *My own* Inſtances *already tells me, that thy* Mercy *is infinite; for I've done enough to ſhock* Long-ſufferance *it ſelf, and weary out an* Eternal Patience. *I beſeech thee by thy ſoft and gentle* Attributes *of* Mercy *and* Forgiveneſs, *by the laſt dying* Accents *of my ſuffering* Deity, *have* Pity *on a poor, humble, proſtrate and confeſſing* Sinner: *And thou great* Ranſom *of loſt* Mankind, *who offered'ſt thy ſelf a* Sacrifice *to attone our*

Guilt,

Guilt, *and redeem our mortgag'd Happineſs, do thou be my* Advocate, *and intercede for me with the angry* Judge.

My Pray'rs are heard, a glorious Light now ſhone,
And (lo!) an Angel-Poſt comes haſt'ning down:
From Heav'n I ſee him cut the yielding Air;
So ſwift, he ſeems at once both there and here;
So quick, my ſight in the purſuit was ſlow,
And Thought could ſcarce ſo ſoon the Journey go.
No angry Meſſage in his Look appears,
His Face no ſigns of threatning Vengeance wears.
Comly his ſhape, of Heavenly Meen and Air,
Kinder than Smiles of beauteous Virgins are.
Such he was ſeen by the bleſt Maid of Old
When he th' Almighty Infant's Birth foretold.
A mighty Volume in one hand is born,
Whoſe open'd Leaves the other ſeems to turn:
Vaſt Annals of my Sins in Scarlet writ,
But now erac'd, blot out, and cancell'd quite.

Heark

Hearkhow the Heavenly Whisper strikes mine Ear
Mortal, behold thy Crimes all pardon'd here!
Hail Sacred Envoy of th' Eternal King!
Welcom as the blest Tidings thou dost bring.
Welcom as Heav'n from whence thou cam'st but now,
Thus low to thy great God and mine I bow,
And might I here, O might I ever grow,
Fix'd an unmov'd and endless Monument
Of Gratitude to my Creator sent.

TO THE

MEMORY

OF

Mr. *CHARLES MORWENT.*

A PINDARIQUE.

Ignis utique quo clariùs effulsit, citiùs extinguitur, eripit se aufertque ex oculis subitò perfecta virtus: quicquid est absoluti faciliùs transfluit, & optimi neutiquam diurnant. Cambden. de Phil. Syd.

O celeres hominum bonorum dies. Apul.

LONDON,

Printed in the Year, 1684.

To the Memory of my Dear Friend, Mr. Charles Morwent:

A PINDARIQUE.

Ostendunt terris hunc tantùm fata, nec ultrà
Esse sinunt.——————— Virg.

I.

BEst Friend! could my unbounded Grief but rate
With due proportion thy too cruel Fate;
Could I some happy Miracle bring forth,
Great as my Wishes and thy greater Worth,
All *Helicon* should soon be thine,
And pay a Tribute to thy Shrine.
The learned Sisters all transform'd should be,
No longer nine, but one *Melpomene*:
Each should into a *Niobe* relent,
At once thy Mourner and thy Monument.

Each ſhould become
Like the fam'd *Memnon*'s ſpeaking Tomb,
To ſing thy well-tun'd Praiſe;
Nor ſhould we fear their being dumb,
Thou ſtill would'ſt make 'em vocal with thy Rays.

II.

O that I could diſtil my vital Juice in Tears!
Or waſte away my Soul in ſobbing Airs!
Were I all Eyes,
To flow in liquid Elegies:
That every Limb might grieve,
And dying Sorrow ſtill retrieve;
My Life ſhould be but one long mourning day,
And like moiſt Vapors melt in Tears away.
I'd ſoon diſſolve in one great Sigh,
And upwards fly,
Glad ſo to be exhal'd to Heav'n and thee.
A Sigh which might well-nigh reverſe thy death,
And hope to animate thee with new Breath;

Pow'rful

Pow'rful as that which heretofore did give
A Soul to well-form'd Clay, and made it live.

III.

Adieu, bless'd Soul! whose hasty Flight away
Tells Heaven did ne'er display
Such Happiness to bless the World with stay,
Death in thy Fall betray'd her utmost spite,
And shew'd her shafts most times are level'd at the white.
She saw thy blooming Ripeness time prevent;
She saw, and envious grew, and straight her arrow sent.
So Buds appearing e'er the Frosts are past,
Nip'd by some unkind Blast,
Wither in Penance for their forward haste.
Thus have I seen a Morn so bright,
So deck'd with all the Robes of Light,
As if it scorn'd to think of Night,
Which a rude Storm e'er Noon did shroud,
And buried all its early Glories in a Cloud.

The day in funeral Blackneſs mourn'd,
And all to Sighs, and all to Tears it turn'd.

IV.

But why do we thy Death untimely deem;
Or Fate blaſpheme?
We ſhould thy full ripe Vertues wrong,
To think thee young.
Fate, when ſhe did thy vigorous Growth behold,
And all thy forward Glories told,
Forgot thy tale of Years, and thought thee old.
The briſk Endowments of thy Mind
Scorning i'th' Bud to be confin'd,
Out-ran thy Age, and left ſlow Time behind;
Which made thee reach Maturity ſo ſoon,
And at firſt Dawn preſent a full-ſpread Noon.
So thy Perfections with thy Soul agree,
Both knew no Non-age, knew no Infancy.
Thus the firſt Patern of our Race began
His Life in middle-age, at's Birth a perfect Man.

V. So

V.

So well thou acted'ſt in thy Span of Days,
As calls at once for Wonder and for Praiſe.
Thy prudent Conduct had ſo learnt to meaſure
The different whiles of Toil and Leaſure,
No time did Action want, no Action wanted Pleaſure.
Thy buſie Induſtry could Time dilate,
And ſtretch the Thread of Fate:
Thy careful Thrift could only boaſt the Power
To lengthen Minutes, and extend an Hour.
No ſingle Sand could e'er ſlip by
Without its Wonder, ſweet as high:
And every teeming Moment ſtill brought forth
A thouſand Rarities of Worth.
While ſome no other Cauſe for Life can give,
But a dull Habitude to live:
Thou ſcorn'dſt ſuch Lazineſs while here beneath,
And Liv'dſt that time which others only Breath.

VI.

Next our just Wonder does commence,
How so small Room could hold such Excellence.
Nature was proud when she contriv'd thy Frame,
In thee she labor'd for a Name:
Hence 'twas she lavish'd all her Store,
As if she meant hereafter to be poor,
And, like a Bankrupt, run o'th' Score.
Her curious Hand here drew in Straights and joyn'd
All the Perfections lodge in Humane kind;
Teaching her numerous Gifts to lie
Crampt in a short Epitome.
So Stars contracted in a Diamond shine,
And Jewels in a narrow Point confine
The Riches of an *Indian* Mine.
Thus subtle Artists can
Draw Nature's larger self within a Span:
A small Frame holds the World, Earth, Heav'ns and all
Shrunk to the scant Dimensions of a Ball.

VII. Those

VII.

Thoſe Parts which never in one Subject dwell,
But ſome uncommon Excellence foretel,
Like Stars did all conſtellate here,
And met together in one Sphere.
Thy Judgment, Wit and Memory conſpir'd
To make themſelves and thee admir'd:
And could thy growing Height a longer Stay have known,
Thou hadſt all other Glories, and thy ſelf out-done.
While ſome to Knowledge by Degrees arrive,
Thro tedious Induſtry improv'd,
Thine ſcorn'd by ſuch pedantick Rules to thrive;
But ſwift as that of Angels mov'd,
And made us think it was intuitive.
Thy pregnant Mind ne'er ſtruggl'd in its Birth,
But quick, and while it did conceive, brought forth;
The gentle Throes of thy prolifick Brain
Were all unſtrain'd, and without Pain.

Th: swhen Great *Jove* the Queen of Wisdom bare
So easie and so mild his Travels were.

VIII.

Nor were these Fruits in a rough Soil bestown
As Gemms are thick'st in rugged Quarries sown.
Good Nature and good parts so shar'd thy mind,
A Muse and Grace were so combin'd,
'Twashard to guess which with most Lustre shin'd,
A Genius did thy whole Comportment act,
Whose charming Complaisance did so attract,
As every Heart attack'd.
Such a soft Air thy well-tun'd Sweetness sway'd,
As told thy Soul of Harmony was made;
All rude Affections that Disturbers be,
That mar or disunite Society,
Were Foreiners to thee.
Love only in their stead took up its Rest;
Nature made that thy constant Guest,
And seem'd to form no other Passion for thy Breast.

IX. This

IX.

This made thy Courteousness to all extend,
And thee to the whole Universe a Friend.
Those which were Strangers to thy native Soil and thee
No Strangers to thy Love could be,
Whose Bounds were wide as all Mortality.
Thy Heart no Island was, disjoyn'd
(Like thy own Nation) from all human kind;
But 'twas a Continent to other Countreys fixt
As firm by Love, as they by Earth annext.
Thou scorn'dst the Map should thy Affection guide,
Like theirs who love by dull Geography,
Friends but to whom by Soil they are ally'd:
Thine reacht to all beside,
To every member of the world's great Family.
Heav'ns Kindness only claims a Name more general,
Which we the nobler call,
Because 'tis common, and vouchsaf'd to all.

X. Such

X.

Such thy Ambition of obliging was,
Thou ſeem'dſt corrupted with the very Power to pleaſe.
Only to let thee gratifie,
At once did bribe and pay thy Courteſie.
Thy Kindneſs by Acceptance might be bought,
It for no other Wages ſought,
But would its own be thought.
No Suiters went unſatisfy'd away;
But left thee more unſatisfy'd than they.
Brave *Titus!* thou mightſt here thy true Portraicture find,
And view thy Rival in a private mind.
Thou heretofore deſerv'dſt ſuch Praiſe,
When Acts of Goodneſs did compute thy days,
Meaſur'd not by the *Sun*'s, but thine own kinder Rays.
Thou thoughtſt each hour out of Life's Journal loſt,
Which could not ſome freſh Favor boaſt,
And reckon'dſt Bounties thy beſt *Clepſydras.*

XI. Some

XI.

Some Fools who the great Art of giving want,
Deflower their Largeſs with too ſlow a Grant;
Where the deluded Suitor dearly buys
What hardly can defray
The Expence of Importunities,
Or the Suſpenſe of torturing Delay.
Here was no need of tedious Pray'rs to ſue,
Or thy too backward Kindneſs woo.
It moved with no formal State,
Like theirs whoſe Pomp does for intreaty wait:
But met the ſwift'ſt Deſires half way;
And Wiſhes did well-nigh anticipate;
And then as modeſtly withdrew,
Nor for its due Reward of Thanks would ſtay.

XII.

Yet might this Goodneſs to the happy moſt accrue;
Somewhat was to the miſerable due,
Which they might juſtly challenge too.
Whate'er miſhap did a known Heart oppreſs,

The

The ſame did thine as wretched make;
Like yielding Wax thine did th' Impreſſions take,
And paint its Sadneſs in as lively Dreſs.
Thou could'ſt afflictions from another Breaſt tranſlate,
And forein Grief impropriate;
Oft-times our Sorrows thine ſo much have grown,
They ſcarce were more our own;
We ſeem'd exempt, thou ſuffer'dſt all alone.

XIII.

Our ſmall'ſt Misfortunes ſcarce could reach thy Ear,
But made thee give in Alms a Tear;
And when our Hearts breath'd their regret in ſighs,
As a juſt Tribute to their Miſeries,
Thine with their mournful Airs did ſymbolize.
Like throngs of ſighs did for its Fibres crowd,
And told thy Grief from our each Grief aloud:
Such is the ſecret Sympathy
We may betwixt two neighb'ring Lutes deſcry,
If either by unskilful hand too rudely bent
Its ſoft Complaint in penſive murmurs vent,

As

As if it did that Injury reſent:
Untoucht the other ſtrait returns the Moan,
And gives an Eccho to each Groan.
From its ſweet Bowels a ſad Note's convey'd,
Like thoſe which to condole are made,
As if its Bowels too a kind Compaſſion had.

XIV.

Nor was thy goodneſs bounded with ſo ſmall extent,
Or in ſuch narrow Limits pent.
Let Female Frailty in fond Tears diſtill,
Who think that Moiſture which they ſpill
Can yield Relief,
Or ſhrink the Current of anothers Grief,
Who hope that Breath which they in ſighs convey,
Should blow Calamities away.
Thine did a manlier Form expreſs,
And ſcorn'd to whine at an Unhappineſs;
Thou thought'ſt it ſtill the nobleſt Pity to redreſs.
So friendly Angels their Relief beſtow
On the unfortunate below

For

For whom those purer minds no Passion know:
Such Nature in that generous Plant is found,
Whose every Breach does with a Salve abound,
And wounds it self to cure another's Wound.
In pity to Mankind it sheds its Juice,
Glad with expence of Blood to serve their Use.
First with kind Tears our Maladies bewails,
And after heals;
And makes those very Tears the remedy produce.

XV.

Nor didst thou to thy Foes less generous appear,
(If there were any durst that Title wear.)
They could not offer Wrongs so fast,
But what were pardon'd with like haste;
And by thy acts of Amnesty defac't.
Had he who wish'd the Art how to forget,
Discover'd its new Worth in thee,
He had a double Value on it set,
And justly scorn'd th' ignobler Art of Memory.
No Wrongs could thy great Soul to Grief expose

'Twa

'Twas plac't as much out of the reach of those,
As of material Blows.
No Injuries could thee provoke,
Thy Softness always dampt the stroke:
As Flints on Feather-beds are easiest broke.
Affronts could ne'er thy cool Complexion heat,
Or chase thy temper from its setled State:
But still thou stoodst unshockt by all,
As if thou hadst unlearnt the Power to hate,
Or, like the Dove, wert born without a Gall.

XVI.

Vain *Stoicks* who disclaim all Human Sense,
And own no Passions to resent Offence,
May pass it by with unconcern'd Neglect,
And Vertue on those Principles erect,
Where 'tis not a Perfection, but Defect.
Let these themselves in a dull Patience please,
Which their own Statues may possess,
And they themselves when Carcasses.
Thou only couldst to that high pitch arrive,

To

To court Abuſes, that thou mightſt forgive:
Wrongs thus in thy Eſteem ſeem'd Courteſie,
And thou the firſt was e'er oblig'd by Injury.

XVII.

Nor may we think theſe God-like Qualities
Could ſtand in need of Votaries,
Which heretofore had challeng'd Sacrifice.
Each Aſſignation, each Converſe
Gain'd thee ſome new Idolaters.
Thy ſweet Obligingneſs could ſupple Hate,
And out of it its Contrary create.
Its powerful Influence made Quarrels ceaſe,
And Fewds diſſolv'd into a calmer Peace.
Envy reſign'd her Force, and vanquiſh'd Spite
Became thy ſpeedy Proſelyte.
Malice could cheriſh Enmity no more;
And thoſe which were thy Foes before,
Now wiſh'd they might adore.
Cæſar may tell of Nations took,
And Troops by Force ſubjected to his Yoke:

We read as great a Conqueror in thee,
Who couldſt by milder ways all Hearts ſubdue,
The nobler Conqueſt of the two;
Thus thou whole Legions mad'ſt the Captives be,
And like him too couldſt look, and ſpeak thy Victory.

XVIII.

Hence may we Calculate the Tenderneſs
Thou didſt Expreſs
To all, whom thou didſt with thy Friendſhip bleſs:
To think of Paſſion by new Mothers bore
To the young Offſpring of their Womb,
Or that of Lovers to what they Adore,
Ere Duty it become:
We ſhould too mean *Ideas* frame,
Of that which thine might juſtly claim,
And injure it by a degrading Name:
Conceive the tender Care,
Of guardian Angels to their Charge aſſi gn'd,
Or think how dear
To Heaven Expiring Martyrs are;

These are the Emblems of thy mind,
The only *Types* to shew how thou wast kind.

XIX.

On whom soe're thou didst confer this Tye
'Twas lasting as Eternity,
And firm as the unbroken Chain of Destiny,
Embraces would faint shadows of your Union (show,
Unless you could together grow.
That Union which is from Alliance bred,
Does not so fastly wed,
Tho' it with Blood be cemented:
That Link wherewith the Soul and Body's joyn'd,
Which twists the double Nature in Mankind
Only so close can bind.
That holy Fire which *Romans* to their *Vesta* paid,
Which they immortal as the Goddess made,
Thy noble Flames most fitly parallel;
For thine were just so pure, and just so durable.
Those feigned Pairs of Faithfulness which claim

So high a place in ancient Fame,
Had they thy better Patern ſeen,
They'd made their Friendſhip more divine
And ſtrove to mend their Characters by thine.

X X.

Yet had this Friendſhip no advantage been,
Unleſs 'twere exercis'd within ;
What did thy Love to other Objects tie,
The ſame made thy own Pow'rs agree,
And reconcil'd thy ſelf to thee.
No Diſcord in thy Soul did reſt,
Save what its Harmony increaſt.
Thy mind did with ſuch regular Calmneſs move,
As held reſemblance with the greater Mind above.
Reaſon there fix'd its peaceful Throne,
And reign'd alone.
The Will its eaſie Neck to Bondage gave,
And to the ruling Faculty became a Slave.
The Paſſions rais'd no Civil Wars,
Nor diſcompos'd thee with inteſtine Jars :

All did obey,
And paid Allegiance to its rightful Sway.
All threw their resty Tempers by,
And gentler Figures drew,
Gentle as Nature in its Infancy,
As when themselves in their first Beings grew.

XXI.

Thy Soul within such silent Pomp did keep,
As if Humanity were lull'd asleep.
So gentle was thy Pilgrimage beneath,
Time's unheard Feet scarce make less Noise,
Or the soft Journey which a Planet goes.
Life seem'd all calm as its last Breath.
A still Tranquillity so hush't thy Breast,
As if some *Halcyon* were its Guest,
And there had built her Nest;
It hardly now enjoys a greater Rest.
As that smooth Sea which wears the Name of *Peace*,
Still with one even Face appears,
And feels no Tides to change it from its place,

No

No Waves to alter the fair Form it bears:
As that unſpotted Sky,
Where *Nile* does want of Rain ſupply,
Is free from Clouds, from Storms is ever free.
So thy unvary'd mind was always one,
And with ſuch clear Serenity ſtill ſhone,
As caus'd thy little World to ſeem all temp'rate Zone.

XXII.

Let Fools their high Extraction boaſt,
And Greatneſs, which no Travel, but their Mothers, coſt.
Let 'em extol a ſwelling Name,
Which theirs by Will and Teſtament became;
At beſt but meer Inheritance,
As oft the Spoils as Gift of Chance.
Let ſome ill-plac't Repute on Scutcheons rear
As fading as the Colors which thoſe bear;
And prize a painted Field,
Which Wealth as ſoon as Fame can yield.
Thou ſcorn'dſt at ſuch low rates to purchaſe worth,

Nor couldſt thou owe it only to thy Birth.
Thy ſelf-born Greatneſs was above the Power
Of Parents to entail, or Fortune to deflower.
Thy Soul, which like the Sun, Heaven molded bright,
Diſdain'd to ſhine with borrow'd Light.
Thus from himſelf th' Eternal Being grew,
And from no other Cauſe his Grandeur drew.

XXIII.

Howe'er if true Nobility
Rather in Souls than in the Blood does lie:
If from thy better part we Meaſures take,
And that the Standard of our Value make,
Jewels and Stars become low Heraldry
To blazon thee.
Thy Soul was big enough to pity Kings,
And lookt on Empires as poor humble things.
Great as his boundleſs mind,
Who thought himſelf in one wide Globe confin'd,
And for another pin'd.

Great

Great as that Spirit whoſe large Powers rowl
Thro' the vaſt Fabrick of this ſpatious Bowl,
And tell the World as well as Man can boaſt a Soul.

XXIV.

Yet could not this an Haughtineſs beget,
Or thee above the common Level ſet.
Pride, whoſe Alloy does beſt Endowments mar,
(As things moſt lofty ſmaller ſtill appear)
With thee did no Alliance bear.
Low Meritsoft are by too high Eſteem bely'd,
Whoſe owners leſſen while they raiſe their Price;
Thine were above the very Guilt of Pride,
Above all others, and thy own *Hyperbole*:
In thee the wid'ſt Extreams were joyn'd
The loftieſt, and the lowlieſt Mind.
Thus thoſe ſome part of Heav'ns vaſt Round,
Appear but low, and ſeem to touch the Ground,
Yet 'tis well known almoſt to bound the Spheres,
'Tis truly held to be above the Stars.

XXV.

While thy brave Mind preſerv'd this noble Frame,
Thou ſtoodſt at once ſecure
From all the Flattery and Obloquy of Fame,
Its rough and gentler Breath were both to thee the ſame:
Nor this could thee exalt, nor that depreſs thee lower;
But thou from thy great Soul on both look'dſt down
Without the ſmall concernment of a ſmile or frown.
Heav'n leſs dreads that it ſhould fir'd be
By the weak flitting Sparks that upwards fly,
Leſs the bright Goddeſs of the Night
Fears thoſe loud howlings that revile her Light
Than thou malignant Tongues thy Worth ſhould blaſt,
Which was too great for Envy's Cloud to overcaſt.
'Twas thy brave Method to deſpiſe Contempt,
And make what was the Fault the Puniſhment.
What more Aſſaults could weak Detraction raiſe,
When

When thou couldſt Saint diſgrace,
And turn Reproach to Praiſe.
So Clouds which would obſcure the Sun, oft guilded be,
And Shades are taught to ſhine as bright as he.
So Diamonds, when envious Night
Would ſhroud their Splendor, look moſt bright,
And from its Darkneſs ſeem to borrow Light.

XXVI.

Had Heaven compos'd thy mortal Frame,
Free from Contagion as thy Soul or Fame:
Could Vertue been but Proof againſt Death's Arms,
Th'adſt ſtood unvanquiſht by theſe Harms,
Safe in a Circle made by thy own Charms.
Fond Pleaſure, whoſe ſoft Magick oft beguiles
Raw unexperienc'd Souls,
And with ſmooth Flattery cajoles,
Could ne'er enſnare thee with her Wiles,
Or make thee Captive to her ſoothing Smiles.
In vain that Pimp of Vice aſſay'd to pleaſe,

In

In hope to draw thee to its rude Embrace.
Thy Prudence ſtill that *Syren* paſt
Without being pinion'd to the Maſt:
All its Attempts were ineffectual found;
Heaven fenc'd thy heart with its own Mound,
And forc'd the Tempter ſtill from that forbidden Ground.

XXVII.

The mad *Capricio's* of the doating Age
Could ne'er in the ſame Frenzy thee engage;
But mov'd thee rather with a generous Rage.
Gallants, who their high Breeding prize,
Known only by their Gallanture and Vice,
Whoſe Talent is to court a faſhionable Sin,
And act ſome fine Tranſgreſſion with a janty Meen,
May by ſuch Methods hope the Vogue to win.
Let thoſe gay Fops who deem
Their Infamies Accompliſhment,
Grow ſcandalous to get Eſteem;
And by Diſgrace ſtrive to be eminent.

Her

Here thou diſdainſt the common Road,
Nor wouldſt by ought be wood
To wear the vain Iniquities o'th' Mode.
Vice with thy Practice did ſo diſagree,
Thou ſcarce couldſt bear it in thy Theory.
Thou didſt ſuch Ignorance 'bove Knowledge prize,
And here to be unskill'd, is to be wiſe.
Such the firſt Founders of our Blood,
While yet untempted, ſtood
Contented only to know Good.

XXVIII.

Vertue alone did guide thy Actions here,
Thou by no other Card thy Life didſt ſteer:
No ſly decoy would ſerve,
To make thee from its rigid Dictates ſwerve,
Thy Love ne'er thought her worſe
Becauſe thou hadſt ſo few Competitors.
Thou couldſt adore her when ador'd by none
Content to be her Votary alone:

When

When 'twas proſcrib'd the unkind World
And to blind Cells, and Grotto's hurld,
When thought the Fantom of ſome crazy Brain,
Fit for grave *Anchorets* to entertain,
A thin *Chimæra*, whom dull Gown-Men frame
To gull deluded Mortals with an empty Name.

XXIX.

Thou own'dſt no Crimes that ſhun'd the Light,
Whoſe Horror might thy Blood affright,
And force it to its known Retreat.
While the pale Cheeks do Penance in their White,
And tell that Bluſhes are too weak to expiate:
Thy Faults might all be on thy Forehead wore
And the whole World thy Confeſſor.
Conſcience within ſtill kept Aſſize,
To puniſh and deter Impieties:
That inbred Judg, ſuch ſtrict Inſpection bore,
So travers'd all thy Actions ore;
Th' Eternal Judge could ſcarce do more:

Thoſe

Thoſe little Eſcapades of Vice,
Which paſs the Cognizance of moſt
I'th' Crowd of following Sins forgot and loſt,
Could ne're its Sentence or Arraignment miſs:
Thou didſt prevent the young deſires of ill,
And them in their firſt Motions kill:
The very thoughts in others unconfin'd
And lawleſs as the Wind,
Thou couldſt to Rule and Order bind.
They durſt not any ſtamp, but that of Vertue bear,
And free from ſtain as thy moſt publick Actions were.
Let wild Debauches hug their darling Vice
And court no other Paradiſe,
Till want of Power
Bids 'em diſcard the ſtale Amour,
And when diſabled ſtrength ſhall force
A ſhort Divorce,
Miſcall that weak forbearance Abſtinence,
Which wiſe Morality and better Sence

Stiles

Stiles but at beſt a ſneaking Impotence.
Thine far a Nobler Pitch did fly
'Twas all free choice, nought of Neceſſity.
Thou didſt that puny Soul diſdain
Whoſe half ſtrain Vertue only can reſtrain;
Nor wouldſt that empty Being own
Which ſprings from Negatives alone,
But truly thoughſt it always Vertues Skeleton.

XXX.

Nor didſt thou thoſe mean Spirits more approve,
Who Vertue, only for its Dowry love,
Unbrib'd thou didſt her ſterling ſelf eſpouſe:
Nor wouldſt a better Miſtreſs chooſe.
Thou couldſt Affection to her bare *Idæa* pay
The firſt that e'er careſs'd her the Platonick way.
To ſee her in her own Attractions dreſt
Did all thy Love arreſt,
Nor lack'd there new Efforts to ſtorm thy Breſt.
Thy generous Loyalty
Would ne'er a *Mercenary* be,

But

But chose to serve her still without a Livery.
Yet wast thou not of Recompense debarr'd,
But countedst Honesty its own Reward;
Thou didst not wish a greater Bliss t' accrue,
For to be good to thee was to be happy too,
That secret Triumph of thy mind,
Which always thou in doing well didst find,
Were Heaven enough, were there no other Heaven design'd.

XXXI.

What Vertues few possess but by Retail
In gross could thee their Owner call;
They all did in thy single Circle fall.
Thou wast a living *System* where were wrote
All those high Morals which in Books are sought.
Thy Practice did more Vertues share
Than heretofore the learned Porch e'er knew,
Or in the *Stagyrites* scant *Ethics* grew:
Devout thou wast as holy *Hermits* are,
Which share their time 'twixt Extasie and Prayer.

Modest

Modeſt as Infant Roſes in their bloom,
Which in a Bluſh their Lives conſume,
So Chaſt, the Dead are only more,
Who lie divorc'd from Objects, and from Power
So pure, that if bleſt Saints could be
Taught Innocence, they'd gladly learn of thee.
Thy Vertues height in Heaven alone could grow
Nor to ought elſe would for Acceſſion owe:
It only now's more perfect than it was below.

XXXII.

Hence, tho' at once thy Soul liv'd here and there,
Yet Heaven alone its Thoughts did ſhare;
It own'd no home, but in the active Sphere.
Its Motions always did to that bright Center rowl,
And ſeem'd t'inform thee only on Parole.
Look how the Needle does to its dear *North* incline,
As we't not fixt 'twould to that Region climb;
Or mark what hidden force
Bids the Flame upwards take its courſe,
And makes it with that Swiftneſs riſe,

Such

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MISSING

As if 'twere wing'd by th' Air thro' which it flies.
Such a ſtrong Vertue did thy Inclinations bend,
And made 'em ſtill to the bleſt Manſions tend.
That mighty Slave whom the proud Victor's Rage
Shut Pris'ner in a golden Cage,
Condemn'd to glorious Vaſſalage,
Ne'er long'd for dear Enlargement more,
Nor his gay Bondage with leſs Patience bore,
Than this great Spirit brookt its tedious Stay,
While fetter'd here in brittle Clay,
And wiſh'd to diſengage and fly away.
It vext and chaf'd, and ſtill deſir'd to be
Releas'd to the ſweet Freedom of Eternity.

XXXIII.

Nor were its Wiſhes long unheard,
Fate ſoon at its deſire appear'd,
And ſtrait for an Aſſault prepar'd.
A ſuddain and a ſwift Diſeaſe
Firſt on thy Heart Life's chiefeſt Fort does ſeize,
And then on all the Suburb-vitals preys:

Next it corrupts thy tainted Blood,
And ſcatters Poyſon thro' its purple Flood.
Sharp Aches in thick Troops it ſends,
And Pain, which like a Rack the Nerves extends.
Anguiſh through every Member flies,
And all thoſe inward *Gemonies*
Whereby frail Fleſh in Torture dies.
All the ſtaid Glories of thy Face,
Where ſprightly Youth lay checkt with manly Grace
Are now impair'd,
And quite by the rude hand of Sickneſs mar'd.
Thy Body where due Symmetry
In juſt proportions once did lie,
Now hardly could be known,
Its very Figure out of Faſhion grown;
And ſhould thy Soul to its old Seat return,
And Life once more adjourn,
'Twould ſtand amaz'd to ſee its alter'd Frame,
And doubt (almoſt) whether its own Carcaſs were the ſame.

XXXIV

XXXIV.

And here thy Sickneſs does new matter raiſe
Both for thy Vertue and our Praiſe;
'Twas here thy Picture look'd moſt neat,
When deep'ſt in Shades 'twas ſet.
Thy Vertues only thus could fairer be
Advantag'd by the Foil of Miſery.
Thy Soul which haſten'd now to be enlarg'd,
And of its groſſer Load diſcharg'd,
Began to act above its wonted rate,
And gave a Prælude of its next unbody'd State.
So dying Tapers near their Fall,
When their own Luſtre lights their Funeral,
Contract their Strength into one brighter Fire,
And in that Blaze triumphantly expire.
So the bright Globe that rules the Skies,
Tho' he guild Heav'n with a glorious Riſe,
Reſerves his choiceſt Beams to grace his Set;
And then he looks moſt great,
And then in greateſt Splendor dies.

XXXVI.

Thou ſharpeſt pains didſt with that Courage bear,
And ſtill thy Looks ſo unconcern'd didſt wear:
Beholders ſeem'd more indiſpos'd than thee;
For they were ſick in Effigie.
Like ſome well-faſhion'd Arch thy Patience ſtood,
And purchas'd Firmneſs from its greater Load.
Thoſe Shapes of Torture, which to view in Paint
Would make another faint;
Thou could'ſt endure in true Reality,
And feel what ſome could hardly bear to ſee.
Thoſe *Indians* who their Kings by Torture choſe,
Subjecting all the Royal Iſſue to that Teſt
Could ne'er thy Sway refuſe,
If he deſerves to reign that ſuffers beſt.
Had thoſe fierce Savages thy Patience view'd,
Thou'dſt claim'd their Choice alone;
They with a Crown had paid thy Fortitude,
And turn'd thy Death-bed to a Throne.

XXXVII.

XXXVII.

All those Heroïck Pieties,
Whose Zeal to Truth made them its Sacrifice:
Those nobler *Scævola's*, whose holy Rage
Did their whole selves in cruel Flames engage,
Who did amidst their Force unmov'd appear,
As if those Fires but lambent were;
Or they had found their *Empyreum* there.
Might these repeat again their Days beneath,
They'd seen their Fates out-acted by a natural Death,
And each of them to thee resign his Wreath.
In spite of Weakness and harsh Destiny,
To relish Torment, and enjoy a Misery:
So to cares a Doom,
As make its Sufferings Delights become:
So to triumph o'er Sense and thy Disease,
As amongst Pains to revel in soft Ease:
These wonders did thy Vertues worth enhance,
And Sickness to dry Martyrdom advance.

XXXVIII.

Yet could not all these Miracles stern Fate avert,
Or make't withold the Dart.
Only she paus'd a while with Wonder strook,
A while she doubted if that Destiny was thine,
And turned o'er again the dreadful Book,
And hop'd she had mistook;
And wish'd she might have cut another Line.
But dire Necessity
Soon cry'd 'twas thee,
And bad her give the fatal Blow.
Strait she obeys, and strait the vital Powers grow
Too weak to grapple with a stronger Foe,
And now the feeble Strife forgo.
Life's sap'd Foundation every Moment sinks,
And every Breath to lesser compass shrinks;
Last panting Gasps grow weaker each Rebound,
Like the faint Tremblings of a dying Sound:
And doubtful Twilight hovers o'er the Light,
Ready to usher in Eternal Night.

XXXIX.

XXXIX.

Yet here thy Courage taught thee to out-brave
All the ſlight Horrors of the Grave:
Pale Death's Arreſt
Ne'er ſhock'd thy Breaſt;
Nor could it in the dreadfulſt Figure dreſt.
That ugly Skeleton may guilty Spirits daunt,
When the dire Ghoſts of Crimes departed haunt,
Arm'd with bold Innocence thou couldſt that *Morma* dare,
And on the bare-fac'd King of Terrors ſtare,
As free from all Effects as from the Cauſe of Fear.
Thy Soul ſo willing from thy Body went,
As if both parted by Conſent.
No Murmur, no Complaining, no Delay,
Only a Sigh, a Groan, and ſo away.
Death ſeem'd to glide with Pleaſure in,
As if in this Senſe too 't had loſt her Sting.
Like ſome well-acted Comedy Life ſwiftly paſt,
And ended juſt ſo ſtill and ſweet at laſt.

Thou, like its Actors, ſeem'dſt in borrow'd Habit here beneath,
And couldſt, as eaſily
As they do that, put off Mortality.
Thou breathedſt out thy Soul as free as common Breath,
As unconcern'd as they are in a feigned Death.

XL.

Go happy Soul, aſcend the joyful Sky,
Joyful to ſhine with thy bright Company:
Go mount the ſpangled Sphere,
And make it brighter by another Star:
Yet ſtop not there, till thou advance yet higher,
Till thou art ſwallow'd quite
In the vaſt unexhauſted Ocean of Delight:
Delight which there alone in its true Eſſence is,
Where Saints keep an eternal Carnival of Bliſs:
Where the *Regalio's* of refined Joy,
Which fill, but never cloy.
Where Pleaſures ever growing, ever new,
Immortal as thy ſelf, and boundleſs too.

There

There may'ſt thou learned by *Compendium* grow;
For which in vain below
We ſo much time, and ſo much pains beſtow.
There may'ſt thou all *Idæa's* ſee,
All wonders which in Knowledge be
In that fair beatifick mirror of the Deity.

XLI.

Mean while thy Body mourns in its own Duſt,
And puts on Sables for its tender Truſt.
Tho' dead, it yet retains ſome untoucht Grace,
Wherein we may thy Soul's fair Foot-ſteps trace;
Which no Diſeaſe can frighten from its wonted place:
E'en its Deformities do thee become,
And only ſerve to conſecrate thy Doom.
Thoſe marks of Death which did its Surface ſtain
Now hallow, not profane.
Each Spot does to a Ruby turn;
What foil'd but now, would now adorn.
Thoſe Aſterisks plac'd in the Margin of thy Skin

Point

Point out the nobler Soul that dwelt within:
Thy leſſer, like the greater World appears
All over bright, all over ſtuck with Stars.
So *Indian* Luxury when it would be trim,
Hangs Pearls on every Limb.
Thus amongſt ancient Picts Nobility
In Blemiſhes did lie;
Each by his Spots more honourable grew,
And from their Store a greater Value drew:
Their Kings were known by th' Royal Stains they bore,
And in their Skins their Ermin wore.

LXII.

Thy Blood where Death triumph'd in greateſt State,
Whoſe Purple ſeem'd the Badge of Tyrant-Fate,
And all thy Body o'er
Its ruling Colours bore:
That which infected with the noxious Ill
But lately help'd to kill,
Whoſe Circulation fatal grew.

A

And thro' each part a ſwifter Ruin threw.
Now conſcious, its own Murther would arraign,
And throngs to ſally out at every Vein.
Each Drop a redder than its native Dye puts on,
As if in its own Bluſhes 'twould its Guilt atone.
A ſacred Rubric does thy Carcaſs paint,
And Death in every Member writes thee Saint.
So *Phœbus* cloaths his dying Rays each Night,
And bluſhes he can live no longer to give Light.

LXIII.

Let Fools, whoſe dying Fame requires to have
Like their own Carcaſſes a Grave,
Let them with vain Expence adorn
Some coſtly Urn,
Which ſhortly, like themſelves, to Duſt ſhall turn.
Here lacks no *Carian* Sepulchre,
Which Ruin ſhall e'er long in its own Tomb interr.
No fond *Ægyptian* Fabric built ſo high
As if 'twould climb the Sky,
And thence reach Immortality.

Thy

Thy Vertues ſhall embalm thy Name,
And make it laſting as the Breath of Fame.
When frailer Braſs
Shall moulder by a quick Decreaſe;
When brittle Marble ſhall decay,
And to the Jaws of Time become a Prey.
Thy Praiſe ſhall live, when Graves ſhall buried lie,
Till Time it ſelf ſhall die,
And yield its triple Empire to Eternity.

To the Memory of that worthy Gentleman, Mr. Harman Atwood.

PINDARIQUE.

I.

NO, I'll no more repine at Deſtiny,
Now we poor common Mortals are content to die.
When thee, bleſt Saint, we cold and breathleſs ſee,
Thee, who if ought that's great and brave,
Ought that is excellent might ſave,
Hadſt juſtly claim'd Exemption from the Grave,
And cancell'd the black irreverſible Decree.
Thou didſt alone ſuch Worth, ſuch Goodneſs ſhare
As well deſerv'd to be immortal here;
Deſerve a Life as laſting as the Fame thou art to wear.
At leaſt, why went thy Soul without its Mate?

Why

Why did they not together undivided go?
So went (we're told) the fam'd Illuſtrious Two.
(Nor could they greater Merits ſhew,
Altho' the beſt of Patriarchs that,
And this the beſt of Prophets was)
Heav'n did alive the bleſſed Pair tranſlate;
Alive they launch'd into Life's boundleſs Happineſs,
And never paſt Death's Straights and narrow Seas;
Ne'er enter'd the dark gloomy Thorowfare of Fate.

II.

Long time had the Profeſſion under Scandal lain,
And felt a general tho' unjuſt Diſdain,
An upright Lawyer Contradiction ſeem'd,
And was at leaſt a Prodigy eſteem'd.
If one perhaps did in an Age appear,
He was recorded like ſome Blazing Star;
And Statues were erected to the wondrous Man,
As heretofore to the ſtrange honeſt Publican.
To thee the numerous Calling all its thanks ſhou
give,

To thee who couldſt alone its loſt Repute retrieve.
Thou the vaſt wide extremes didſt reconcile,
The firſt, almoſt, e'er taught it was not to beguile.
To each thou didſt diſtribute Right ſo equally,
Ev'n Juſtice might her ſelf correct her Scales by thee.
And none did now regret,
Her once bewail'd Retreat,
Since all enjoy'd her better Deputy.
Henceforth ſucceeding Time ſhall bear in mind,
And Chronicle the beſt of all the kind:
The beſt e'er ſince the man that gave
Our ſuffering God a Grave;
(That God who living no Abode could find,
Tho' he the World had made, and was to ſave)
Embalming him, he did embalm his Memory,
And make it from Corruption free:
Thoſe Odors kindly lent perfum'd the Breath of Fame,
And fixt a laſting Fragrancy upon his Name;
And rais'd it with his Saviour to an Immortality.

III. Hence

III.

Hence the ſtale muſty Paradox of equal Souls,
That ancient vulgar Error of the Schools,
Avow'd by dull Philoſophers and thinking Fool.
Here might they find their feeble Arguments o'er-thrown:
Here might the grave Diſputers find
Themſelves all baffl'd by a ſingle Mind,
And ſee one vaſtly larger than their own,
Tho' all of theirs were mixt in one.
A Soul as great as e'er vouchſaf'd to be
Inhabiter in low Mortality;
As e'er th' Almighty Artiſt labour'd to infuſe,
Thro' all his Mint he did the brighteſt chuſe;
With his own Image ſtampt it fair,
And bid it ever the Divine Impreſſion wear;
And ſo it did, ſo pure, ſo well,
We hardly could believe him of the Race that fell:
So ſpotleſs ſtill, and ſtill ſo good,

As

As if it never lodg'd in Flesh and Blood.
Hence conscious too, how high, how nobly born:
It never did reproach its Birth,
By valuing ought of base or meaner worth,
But look'd on earthly Grandeur with Contempt and Scorn.

IV.

Like his All-great Creator, who
Can only by diffusing greater grow:
He made his chiefest Glory to communicate,
And chose the fairest Attribute to imitate.
So kind, so generous, and so free,
As if he only liv'd in Courtesie.
To be unhappy did his Pity claim,
Only to want it did deserve the same:
Nor lack'd there other Rhetorick than Innocence and Misery.
His unconfin'd unhoarded Store
Was still the vast Exchequer of the poor;

And whatſoe'er in pious Acts went out
He did in his own Inventory put:
For well the wiſe and prudent Banker knew
His Gracious Sovereign above would all repay,
And all th' expences of his Charity defray;
And ſo he did, both Principal and Intereſt too,
And he by holy Prodigality more wealthy grew.
Such, and ſo univerſal is the Influence
Which the kind bounteous Sun does here diſpenſe:
With an unwearied indefatigable Race,
He travels round the World each day,
And viſits all Mankind, and every place,
And ſcatters Light and Bleſſings all the way.
Tho' he each hour new Beams expend,
Yet does he not like waſting Tapers ſpend.
Tho' he ten thouſand years disburſe in Light,
The boundleſs Stock can never be exhauſted quite.

V. No

V.

Nor was his Bounty ſtinted or deſign'd,
As theirs who only partially are kind;
Or give where they Return expect to find;
But like his Soul, its fair Original:
'Twas all in all,
And all in every part,
Silent as his Devotion, open as his Heart.
Brib'd with the Pleaſure to oblige and gratifie,
As Air and Sunſhine he diſpos'd his Kindneſs free,
Yet ſcorn'd Requitals, and worſe hated Flattery,
And all obſepuious Pomp of vain formality.
Thus the Almighty Bounty does beſtow
Its Favors on our undeſerving Race below;
Confer'd on all its loyal Votaries;
Confer'd alike on its rebellious Enemies.
To it alone our All we owe,
All that we are and are to be,
Each Art and Science to its Liberality,

And this ſame trifling jingling thing call'd Poetry.
Yet the great Donor does no coſtly Gratitude require,
No Charge of Sacrifice deſire;
Nor are w' expenſive Hecatombs to raiſe,
As heretofore,
To make his Altars float with reeking Gore.
A ſmall Return the mighty Debt and Duty pays,
Ev'n the cheap humble Off'ring of worthleſs Thanks and Praiſe.

V I.

But how, bleſt Saint, ſhall I thy numerous Vertues ſumm,
If one or two take up this room?
To what vaſt Bulk muſt the full *Audit* come?
As that bold Hand that drew the faireſt Deity,
Had many naked Beauties by,
And took from each a ſeveral Grace, and Air, and Line,
And all in one Epitome did joyn
To paint his bright Immortal in a Form Divine:

So

So muſt I do to frame thy Character.
I'll think whatever Men can good and lovely call,
And then abridge it all,
And crowd, and mix the various *Idæa's* there;
And yet at laſt of a juſt Praiſe deſpair.
Whatever ancient Worthies boaſt,
Which made themſelves and Poets their Deſcribers great,
From whence old Zeal did Gods and Shrines create;
Thou hadſt thy ſelf alone engroſt,
And all their ſcatter'd Glories in thy Soul did meet:
And future Ages, when they eminent Vertues ſee,
(If any after thee
Dare the Pretence of Vertue own,
Without the Fear of being far out-done)
Shall count 'em all but Legacy,
Which from the Strength of thy Example flow,
And thy fair Copy in a leſs correct Edition ſhow.

VII.

Religion over all did a just Conduct claim,
No false Religion which from Custom came,
Which to its Font and Country only ow'd its Name:
No Issue of devout and zealous Ignorance,
Or the more dull Effect of Chance;
But 'twas a firm well-grounded Piety,
That knew all that it did believe, and why;
And for the glorious Cause durst die,
And durst out-suffer ancient Martyrology.
So knit and interwoven with its being so,
Most thought it did not from his Duty, but his Nature flow.
Exalted far above the vain small Attacks of Wit,
And all that vile gay lewd Buffoons can bring
Who try by little Railleries to ruin it,
And jeer't into an unreguarded poor defenceless thing
The Men of Sence who in Confederacy join,

T

To damn Religion had they view'd but thine,
They'd have confest it pure, confest it all divine,
And free from all Pretences of Imposture or Design.
Pow'rful enough to counter-act lewd Poets and the Stage,
And Proselyte as fast as they debauch the Age;
So good, it might alone a guilty condemn'd World reprieve,
Should a destroying Angel stand
With brandish'd Thunder in his Hand,
Ready the bidden Stroke to give;
Or a new Deluge threaten this and every Land.

VIII.

Religion once a quiet and a peaceful Name,
Which all the Epithets of Gentleness did claim,
Late prov'd the Source of Faction and intestine Jars:
Like the Fair teeming *Hebrew*, she
Did travel with a wrangling Progeny,

And harbor'd in her Bowels Fewds and Civil Wars.
Surly, uncomplaisant, and rough she grew,
And of a soft and easie Mistress turn'd a Shrew.
Passion and Anger went for marks of Grace,
And looks deform'd and sullen sanctifyed a Face.
Thou first its meek and primitive Temper didst restore,
First shew'dst how men were pious heretofore:
The gaul-less Dove, which otherwhere could find no Rest,
Early retreated to its Ark, thy Breast,
And straight the swelling Waves decreast
And straight tempestuous Passions ceast,
Like Winds and Storms where some fair *Halcyon* builds her Nest.
No overheating Zeal did thee inspire,
But 'twas a kindly gentle Fire,
To warm, but not devour,
And only did refine, and make more pure:
Such is that Fire that makes thy present blest Abode

The

The Residence and Palace of our God.

And such was that bright unconsuming Flame,

So mild, so harmless and so tame,

Which heretofore ith' Bush to *Moses* came:

At first the Vision did the wondring Prophet scare,

But when the voice had check'd his needless Fear

He bow'd and worshipp'd and confest the Deity was there.

IX.

Hail Saint Triumphant! hail Heav'ns happy Guest.

Hail new Inhabitant amongst the blest!

Methinks I see kind Spirits in convoy meet.

And with loud Welcomes thy Arrival greet.

Who, could they grieve, would go with Grief away

To see a Soul more white, more pure than they:

By them thou'rt led on high

To

To the vaſt glorious Apartment of the Deity.

Where circulating Pleaſures make an endleſs Round

To which ſcant Time or Meaſure ſets no Bound,

Perfect unmixt Delights without Alloy,

And whatſoe'er does earthly Bliſs annoy,

Which oft does in Fruition Pall and oft'ner Cloy:

Where being is no longer Life but Extaſie,

But one long Tranſport of unutterable Joy.

A Joy above the boldeſt Flights of daring verſe,

And all a Muſe unglorifyed can fancy or rehearſe:

There happy Thou

From Troubles and the buſtling toil of Buſineſs free,

From noiſe and *tracas* of tumultuous Life below,

Enjoy'ſt the ſtill and calm Vacation of Eternity.

CHA-

CHARACTER

OF A

Certain Ugly Old *P*——

——Deformem & tetrum ante omnia Vultum,
Dissimilemque sui, deformem pro cute pellem,
Pendentésque genas, ac tales aspice rugas,
Quales, umbriferos ubi pandit Tabraca saltus,
In vetulâ scalpit jam mater simia buccâ, &c.

Juv. Sat. 10

Assist ye nasty Powers
To describe him thorowout,
I'll dip my Pen in Turd,
And write upon a shitten Clout.

Tartaret. de modo Cacandi. p. 9.

LONDON,

Printed in the Year, 1684.

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CHARACTER.

NO *wonder if I am at a Loſs to deſcribe him, whom* Nature *was as much puzzled to make. 'Tis here as in* Painting, *where the moſt miſhapen* Figures *are the greateſt* Proofs *of* Skill. *To draw a* Therſites *or* Æſop *well, requires the* Pencil *of* Vandike *or* Titian, *more than the beſt* Features *and* Lineaments. *All the Thoughts I can frame of him are as rude and indigeſted as himſelf. The very* Idæa *and* Conception *of him are enough to cramp* Grammar, *to diſturb* Sence, *and confound* Syntax. *He's a* Soleciſm *in the great* Conſtruction, *therefore the beſt* Deſcription *of him is* Nonſence, *and the*

the fittest Character *to write it in, that* Pot-hook-hand *the Devil us'd at* Oxford *in* Queens Colledge-Library. *He were* Topick *enough for convincing an* Atheist *that the World was made by Chance. The first* Matter *had more of* Form *and* Order, *the* Chaos *more of* Symmetry *and* Proportion. *I could call him* Nature's By-blow, Miscarriage *and* Abortive, *or say, he is her* Embryo *slink'd before* Maturity; *but that is stale and flat, and I must fly a higher Pitch to reach his* Deformity. *He is the ugliest she ever took Pains to make so, and* Age *to make worse. All the* Monsters *of* Africa *lie kennell'd in his single* Skin. *He's one of the* Grotesques *of the* Universe, *whom the grand* Artist *drew only* (*as* Painters *do uncouth ugly* Shapes) *to fill up the empty* Spaces *and*

Cantons

Cantons *of this great* Frame. *He's* Man anagrammatiz'd: *A* Mandrake *has more of* Humane Shape: *His* Face *carries* Libel *and* Lampoon *in't.* Nature *at its* Compoſition *wrote* Burleſque, *and ſhew'd him how far ſhe could out-do* Art *in* Grimace. *I wonder 'tis not hir'd by the* Play-houſes *to draw* Antick Vizards *by. Without doubt he was made to be laugh'd at, and deſign'd for the* Scaramuchio *of* Mankind. *When I ſee him, I can no more forbear than at ſight of a* Zany *or* Nokes; *but am like to run the Riſque of the* Philoſopher, *looking on an* Aſs *mumbling* Thiſtles. *He's more ill-favour'd than the* Picture *of* Winter *drawn by a Fellow that dawbs* Sign-Poſts, *more lowring than the laſt day of* January. *I have ſeen a handſomer* Mortal *carv'd in* Monumen-

tal

tal Gingerbread, *and woven in* Hangings *at* Mortlock. *If you have ever view'd that* wooden Gentleman *that peeps out of a Country* Barber's *Window, you may fancy some* Resemblance *of him. His damn'd squeezing* Close-stool-Face *can be liken'd to nothing better than the* Buttocks *of an old wrinkled* Baboon, *straining upon an* Hillock. *The very* Sight *of him in a morning would work with one beyond* Jalap *and* Rhubarb. *A* Doctor *(I'm told) once prescrib'd him to one of his* Parishioners *for a* Purge: *he wrought the* Effect, *and gave the* Patient *fourteen* Stools. *'Tis pity he is not drawn at the* City Charges, *and hung up in some publick* Forica *as a* Remedy *against* Costiveness.

Indeed by his Hue *you might think he had been employed to that use: One would*

would take him for the Picture of Scoggin *or* Tarleton *on a* Privy-house *Door, which by long standing there has contracted the* Color *of the neighbouring* Excrements. *Reading lately how* Garagantua *came into the* World *at his Mother's* Ear, *it put an unlucky thought into my Head concerning him: I presently fancied that he was voided, not brought forth; that his* Dam *was deliver'd of him on t' other side, beshit him coming out, and he has ever since retain'd the* Stains. *His filthy* Countenance *looks like an old* Chimney-piece *in a decay'd* Inn, *sullied with* Smoak, *and the sprinkling of* Ale-pots. *'Tis dirtier than an ancient* thumb'd Record, *greasier than a Chandler's* Shop-book, *You'd imagine* Snails *had crawl'd the* Hay *upon it. The* Case *of it is perfect* Vellum, *and has often*

 been

been mistaken for it: A Scrivener *was like to cheapen it for making* Indentures *and* Deeds: *Besides 'tis as wrinkled as a* walking Buskin: *It has more* Furrows *then all* Cotswold. *You may resemble it to a* Gammon *of* Bacon *with the* Swerd *off. I believe the* Devil *travels over it in his Sleep with* Hob-nails *in his* Shoes. *By the* Maggot-eaten Sur-face, *you'd swear he had been dug out of his* Grave *agen with all his* Worms *about him to bait* Eel-hooks. *But enough of it in General, I think it time to descend to* Particulars; *I wish I could divide his Face, as he does his* Text, i. e. *tear it asunder: 'Tis fit I begin with the most remarkable part of it. His* Mouth *(saving your presence* Christian Readers) *is like the* Devils Arse of Peak, *and is just as large. By the* Scent

Scent *you'd take it for the* Hole *of a* Privy: *He may be winded by a good* Nose *at twelve-score; I durst have ventur'd at first being in Company that he dieted on* Assa-fœtida. *His very* Discourse *stinks in a* Literal Sence; *'tis* breaking-Wind, *and you'd think he talk'd at the other* End. *Last* New-years-day *he tainted a* Loin *of* Veal *with saying* Grace: *All the* Guests *were fain to use the* Fanatical Posture *in their own* Defence, *and stand with their* Caps *over their* Eyes *like* Malefactors *going to be turn'd off. That too that renders it the more unsupportable is that it can't be stopp'd: The* Breach *is too big ever to be clos'd. Were he a* Milliner, *he might measure* Ribbon *by it without the help of his* Yard *or* Counter. *It reaches so far backwards, those, that have seen him*

with his Peruke *off, ſay it may be diſcerned behind. When he gapes, 'twould ſtretch the* Dutcheſs *of* Cl—— *to ſtraddle over: I had almoſt ſaid, 'tis as wide as from* Dover *to* Calice. *Could he ſhut it, the* Wrinkles *round about would repreſent the Form of the* Seamens Compaſs, *and ſhould he bluſter, 'twere a pretty* Emblem *of thoſe ſwelling* Mouths, *at the* Corners *of* Maps *puffing out* Storms. *When he* Smoaks, *I am always thinking of* Mongibel *and its* Eruptions. *His* Head *looks exactly like a* Device *on a* Kitchin Chimney; *His* Mouth *the* Vent *and his* Noſe *the* Fane. *And now I talk of his* Snout, *I dare not mention the* Elephants *for fear of ſpeaking too little: I'd make bold with the old* Wit, *and compare it to the* Gnomon *of a* Dial; *but that he has*

not

not Teeth *enough to ſtand for the* twelve Hours. *'Tis ſo long, that when he rides a* Journey, *he makes uſe of it to open* Gates. *He's fain to ſnite it with both* Hands. *It cannot be wip'd under as much as the* Royal Breech. *A* Man *of ordinary* Bulk *might find* Shelter *under its* Eves, *were it not for the* Droppings. *One proteſted to me in* Raillery *that when he looks againſt the* Sun, *it ſhadows his whole* Body, *as ſome* ſtory *of the* Sciopodes Feet. *Another* Hyperbolical Raſcal *would make me believe that the* Arches *of it are as large as any two of* London-Bridge, *or the great* Rialto *at* Venice. *Not long ago I met a one-leg'd* Tarpawlin *that had been begging at his* Door, *but could get nothing: The witty* Whoreſon (*I remember*) *ſwore that his* Bow-ſprit

was as long as that of the Royal Sovereign. *I confess, stood he in my way: I durst not venture round by his* Foreside, *for fear of going half a mile about. 'Tis perfectly doubling the* Cape: *He has this* Priviledge *for being unmannerly that it will not suffer him to put off his* Hat: *And therefore ('tis said) at* home *he has a* Cord *fasten'd to it, and draws it off with a* Pully, *and so receives the* Addresses *of those that visit him. This I'm very confident, he has not heard himself sneeze these* seven Years: *And that leads me to his* Tools *of* Hearing: *His* Ears *resemble these of a* Countrey Justices Black Jack, *and are of the same* matter, hue, and size: *He's as well hung as any* Hound *in the* Countrey; *but by their* Bulk *and* growing *upward, he deserves to be rank'd with a graver*

of

of Beasts : *His single self might have shown with* Smeck, *and all the* Club Divines. *You may pare enough from the* sides *of his* Head *to have furnisht a whole* Regiment *of* Round-Heads : *He wears more there then all the* Pillories *in* England *ever have done.* Mandevile *tells us of a* People *somewhere, that use their* Ears *for* Cushions : *He has reduced the* Legend *to Probability* : *A* Servant *of his (that could not conceal the* Midas) *told me lately in private, that going to* Bed *he binds them on his* Crown, *and they serve him instead of* Quilt Night-caps. *The next observable that falls under my* Consideration *is his Back*: *Nor need I go far out of my way to meet it, for it peeps over his* Shoulders : *He was built with a* Buttress *to support the* weight *of his* Nose;

and help ballance it. Nature *hung on him a* Knapſack, *and made him repreſent both* Tinker *and* Budget *too. He looks like the Viſible* Tye *of* Æneas *bolſtring up his* Father, *or like a* Beggar-Woman, *endorſt with her whole* Litter, *and with* Child *behind. You may take him for* Anti-Chriſtopher *with the* Devil *at his* Back. *I believe the* Atlas *in* Wadham-Garden *at* Oxford *was carv'd by him. Certainly he was begot in a* Cupping-Glaſs: *His* Mother *longed for* Pumpions, *or went to ſee ſome* Camel *ſhown while ſhe was conceiving him. One would think a* Mole *has crept into his* Carcaſe *before 'tis layd in the* Church-Yard, *and Rooted in it, or that an* Earthquake *had diſorder'd the* Symmetry *of the* Microcoſm, *ſunk one* Mountain *and put*

up

up another. And now I ſhould deſcend lower, if I durſt venture: But I'll not defile my Pen: *My* Ink *is too cleanly for a farther* Deſcription. *I muſt beg my* Reader's *Diſtance: as if I were going to Untruſs. Should I mention what is beneath, the very* Jakes *would ſuffer by the* Compariſon, *and 'twere enough to bring a* Bog-houſe *in Diſgrace. Indeed he ought to have been drawn, like the good* People *on the* Parliament-Houſe, *only from the* Shoulders *upwards. To me 'tis a greater* Prodigy *then himſelf, how his* Soul *has ſo long endured ſo naſty a* Lodging. *Were there ſuch a thing as a* Metempſychoſis, *how gladly would it exchange its* Carcaſe *for that of the worſt and* vileſt Brute: *I'm ſufficiently perſwaded againſt the* whim *of* Præexiſtence; *for any thing that had*

the

the Pretense *of* Reason *would never have entered such a* Durance *of* Choice: *Doubtless it must have been guilty of some unheard of* Sin, *for which* Heaven *dooms it* Penance *in the* present Body, *and ordains it its first* Hell *here. And 'tis disputable which may prove the worst, for 't has suffered half an* Eternity *already. Men can hardly tell which of the* two *will out-live the other. By his* Face *you'd guess him one of the* Patriarchs, *and that he liv'd before the* Flood: *His* Head *looks as if 't had worn out* three *or* four Bodies, *and were Legacied to him by his* Great-Grand-father. *His* Age *is out of* Knowledg, *I believe he was born before* Registers *were invented. He should have been a* Ghost *in Queen* Mary's *Days. I wonder* Holingshead *does not*

speak

peak of him. Every Limb *about him* *is* Chronicle: Par *and* John *of the* Times *were* ſhort-Livers *to him. They* *ſay, he can remember when* Pauls *was* *Founded, and* London-Bridge *built. I* *my ſelf have heard him tell all the* Stories *of* York *and* Lancaſter *upon his own* Knowledge. *His very* Cane *and* Spectacles *are enough to ſet up an* Antiquary. *The firſt was the* Walking-ſtaff *of* Lanfranc *Arch-biſhop of* Canterbury *which is to be ſeen by his* Arms *upon the* Head *of it: The t'other belong'd to the* Chaplain *of* William *the* Conqueror; *was of* Norman *make, and travell'd over with him. 'Tis ſtrange the late* Author *of M.* Fickle *forgot to make his* *Sir* Arthur Oldlove *ſwear by them, the* Oath *had been of as good* Antiquity *as St.* Auſtin's Night-Cap, *or* Mahomet's

Mahomet's Threſhold. *I have often wonder'd he never ſet up for a* Conjurer: *His very* Look *would bring him in* Vogue, *draw* Cuſtom, *and under* Lilly *and* Gadbury. *You'd take him for the* Ghoſt *of Old* Haly *or* Albumazar, *or the* Spirit Frier *in the* Fortune Book, *his* Head *for the inchanted brazen one of* Frier Bacon. *'Twould poſe a good* Phyſiognomiſt *to give* Names *to the* Lines *in his* Face. *I've obſerv'd all the* Figures *and* Diagrams *in* Agrippa *and* Ptolomy's Centiloquies *there upon ſtrict view. And t'other day a* Linguiſt *of my* Acquaintance *ſhew'd me all the* Arabick Alphabet *betwixt his* Brow *and* Chin. *Some have admired how he came to be admitted into* Orders, *ſince his very* Face *is againſt the* Canon: *I gueſs he pleaded the* Qualification *of the* Prophets

phets *of Old, to be* withered, Tooth-less *and* deform'd. *He can pretend to be an* Elisha *only by his* Baldness. *The* Devils Oracles *heretofore were utter'd from such a* Mouth. *'Twas then the* Candidates *for the* Tripus *were fain to plead* Wrinkles *and* Grey Hairs; *a* Splay Mouth, *and a* goggle Eye *were the cheapest* Simony, *and the* ugly *and* crippled *were the only* men *of* Preferment. *And this leads me to consider him a little in the* Pulpit. *And there tis hard to distinguish whether that or his* Skin *be the coarser* Wainscoat: *He represents a Crackt* Weather-Glass *in a* Frame. *You'd take him by his* Looks *and* Posture *for* Muggleton *doing* Pennance *and paulted with* rotten Eggs. *Had his* Hearers *the trick of Writing* short-Hand, *I should fancy him an* Offender

fender *upon a* Scaffold, *and them Pen-*
ning his Confeſſion. *Not a* fluxt De-
bauch *in a* ſweating Tub *makes wor-*
Faces. *He* makes Doctrine *as Fol-*
do their Water *in the* Stone *or* Stran-
gury. Balaams *Aſs was a better* Di-
vine, *and had a better* Delivery. *Th*
Thorn *at* Glaſtenbury *had more* Sen-
and Religion, *and would make mor*
Converts. *He ſpeaks not, but grunts*
like one of the Gadaren Hogs *after th*
Devils *enter'd. When I came firſt t*
his Church *and ſaw him perch'd on hig*
againſt a Pillar, *I took him by his ga-*
ping for ſome Juggler *going to ſwallow*
Bibles *aud* Hour-Glaſſes. *But I wa*
ſoon convinc'd that other Feats *were t*
be play'd, and on a ſudden loſt all m
Sences *in* Noiſe. *A Drunken* Hunts-
man *reeling in while he was at* Prayer

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ask'd if he were giving his Parishoners *a* Hollow *: He has preached half his* Parish *deaf*: *His* Din *is beyond the* Catadupi *of* Nile *: All his* Patrons Pigeons, *are frighted from their* Apartment, *and he's generally believed the* Occasion. *He may be heard farther then Sir* Samuel Moorlands Flagelet. *Nay one damn'd mad* Rogue *swore : Should he take a* Text *concerning the* Resurrection, *he might serve for the last* Trumpet. *And yet in one Respect he's fitted for the* Function. *His* Countenance, *if not* Doctrine *can scare men into* Repentance, *like an* Apparition : *Should he walk after he's dead, he would not be more dreadful, then now while he is alive.*

A Maid *meeting him in the* Dark *in a* Church-Yard, *was frighted into* Pha-

Phanaticiſm. *Another is in* Bedlam *upon the ſame Occaſion : I dare not approach him without an* Exorciſm. I the Name, *&c. is the fitteſt* Salutation : *Some have thought the* Parſonage Houſe *haunted ſince he dwelt there. In* York-ſhire *('tis reported) they make uſe of his* Name *inſtead of* Raw-Head *and* Bloody-bones *to fright* Children *He is more terrible then thoſe* Phantoms *Country Folks tell of by the Fire ſide, and pretend to have ſeen , with* Leathern-wings, Cloven-feet, *and* Sawcer-eyes *If he go to* Hell *(as 'tis almoſt an* Article *of my* Creed, *he will) the* Devils *will quake for all their warm* Dwelling, *and crowd up into a* Nook *for fear of him.*

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